

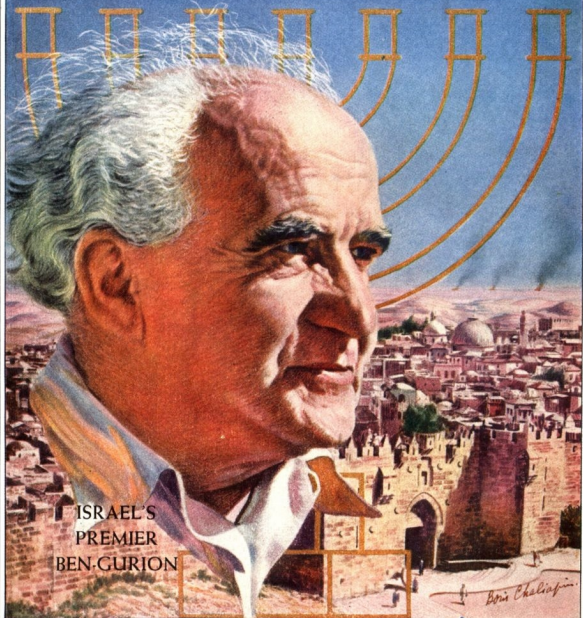
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JANUARY 16, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXVII NO. 3

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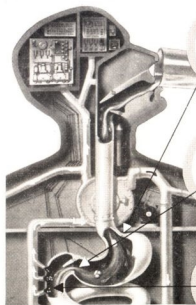
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LETTERS

Merrill's Marauders

Sir:

As a former president of the Merrill's Marauders Association, I wish to thank *TIME* for its excellent tribute to our late commander, General Frank Merrill [Dec. 26]. General Merrill's name will be proclaimed in military history not only for his military accomplishments but also for the affection borne him by his "boys." No army commander was ever better loved by his troops.

I resent your closing statement about the "inglorious" end of the Marauders. As one of the medical officers, I can vouch for the undying bravery of every Marauder in Burma. In a conversation with the late General Merrill, the former commander of the Japanese forces opposing him in Burma stated that the Japanese so respected the Marauders that they decorated the graves of the American dead with flowers.

A. LEWIS KOLODNY, M.D.

Baltimore

Paintings for Christmas

Sir:

Your stunning Christmas cover [Dec. 26] is probably the loveliest and most tasteful ever to grace a magazine.

ERNEST MEZO

San Francisco

SIR:

DECEMBER 26TH ISSUE CROWNING CONTRIBUTION OF THE CENTURIES TO THE CAUSE OF CHRISTENDOM.

GEORGE TRUMAN CARL

PASTOR

THE METHODIST CHURCH
PARK RIDGE, ILL.

Sir:

Your Fra Angelico—a bright miniature, somewhat lacking in composition and perspective. Have your writer read the tribute Plus XII paid the angelic Fra back in April. Angelico was more than a luminous knothole on the renaissance or a polychrome peephole on the Gospel. He was a window on Heaven. *TIME* brought us to the window, but a murky pane gave us a dim view of the wholeness, harmony, radiance beyond.

THE REV. L. C. McHUGH, S.J.

Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

¶ Opening an exhibition in Rome to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Fra Angelico's death (*TIME*, May 2), Pope

Plus XII called him "an outstanding painter characterized by deep spirituality, an innovator, sympathetic, effective, sincere, perfect. The picture world of Fra Angelico is truly the ideal world, whose atmosphere glows with peace, holiness, harmony and joy, whose reality is in the future, when finally justice will triumph on the new earth and in the new heavens."—Ed.

Sir:

The reproductions of the paintings by Fra Angelico are beautiful beyond description.

JEANNE H. BEDINGER

Sioux City, Iowa

A Place in the Sun (Contd.)

Sir:

Just a note to tell you how proud I am of the wonderful article in *TIME* [Dec. 19] and how grateful I am.

This article, I know, will prove extremely helpful in getting the story of the real Florida to the people all over the world.

LEROY COLLINS

Governor

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Your article quoting Gov. Collins—"Florida stands on three sturdy legs. Tourism. Industry. Agriculture"—brings to mind a conversation with a Florida taxi driver. He said, "Florida has three assets. Oranges. Alligators. Tourists. And by gosh, we skin 'em all!"

C. R. METCALF JR.

Dover, Mass.

Labor's Words

Sir:

The words spoken by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany in his recent New York speech [Dec. 26] were comforting. There are still men in responsible positions who are not blinded by wishful thinking.

Seldom has anybody stated in so few words the true essence and danger of Communism.

A. ESTLA

Montreal

China's Stand

Sir:

From those who saw it as a moral question from the first, the back of the hand to you for your faint praise of China's stand in

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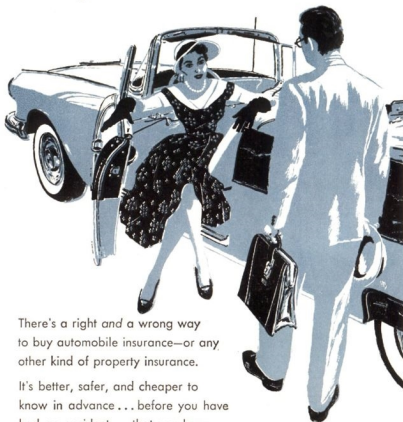
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the forlorn hope of right v. expediency in the U.N. [Dec. 26].

Will we never learn that Soviet ultimatums and "inflexible positions" are no more than bargaining points, always successful against craven expediency, but vulnerable to an equally inflexible insistence on right and morality?

J. C. THOMPSON

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

Chiang's "righteousness" would be amusing if the world weren't aware of the fact that he is responsible for the death of untold millions of Chinese peasants who refused to yield to his secret police and to the corruption of his government.

Let's face it: Chiang will never again set foot in China. The Communists are the regime in control. We deal with the Russians; we deal with Franco, Khrushchev, and numerous other dictatorships. Why go "moral" at this late date?

GEORGE GATI

La Crescenta, Calif.

British Aircraftmanship

Sir:

The writers of your article "Brochuremanship in Britain" [TIME, Dec. 19] might have taken the trouble to get their facts right.

Great Britain has a pure jetliner capable of flying around the world to a regular timetable. In 1958, or soon after, we shall have the Comet IV, capable of flying regularly and economically on both transatlantic and Commonwealth routes. The R.A.F. has the Comet II in use as a regular military jet transport...

Your article gives belated praise to the Viscount and to the Rolls-Royce Conway and Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire jet engines. But what about the license agreements in the U.S. for eight other British power plants? ... Your article does not mention the hundreds of smaller feeder aircraft. It is silent on the many military aircraft that have been supplied in a steady stream to our own R.A.F. and foreign air forces throughout the world.

Your comments on "skipped" prototypes ignore the fact that five prototypes and 20 pre-production prototypes of the English Electric P. 1, have been ordered by the government, a budable change in policy.

The R.A.F. possesses only two F-86 Sabre Squadrons and does not, as your article states, rely "on U.S. F-86 Sabre jets for much of its first-line defense."

E. C. BOWYER
Director

The Society of British Aircraft
Constructors, Ltd.
London

☐ The facts remain 1) as recently as the Korean war, the British had no operational military aircraft capable of standing up to the Russian MIGs, and 2) Britain still has no transatlantic airliner in scheduled commercial operation.—Ed.

Courtesy for Courtesy

Sir:

I am one of those who closely watched the American and British reactions to the speeches our Russian guests Messrs. Nikolai Bulganin and Nikita Khrushchev made throughout their tour of the Indian Republic recently. I really do not understand why suddenly there should be such a lot of unfair and unfriendly criticism of a country which only returned courtesy for courtesy.

To be plain and simple, we are not camp followers and we do not want to side with any of the parties in their quarrels. But we

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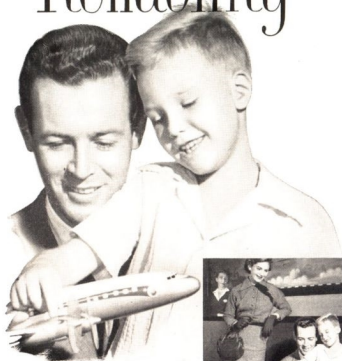


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are always ready to do our mite in the cause of peace. Only understanding will bring understanding.

The wave of criticism that appeared in the American press is something that I am afraid may undo the efforts of men of good will and tolerance in this country to promote better understanding with the democracies of the West. India is charged for having invited the Russian leaders and provided the platforms for their speeches. It does not mean that either the government of India or the people agree word by word what the Russian leaders uttered throughout their tour. But is it not proper and natural that we should honor our guests who honored our Prime Minister when he had been there?

M. MUTHUSWAMY

Madras Medical College Hostel
Madras, India

Sir:

One fact was overlooked in your Dec. 5 article on the visiting Russians: the conception of Indian hospitality. Nehru received such ovations in Russia that all Indians would be ashamed if the Indians would not



R. K. Loomis—Times of India
"ECONOMIC COEXISTENCE"

return to the Soviet leaders a hundredfold what Nehru received in Russia. What can a host do? If the guest of honor at your cocktail party gives a heavy belch, would you immediately kick him out?

By the way, India's foreign policy was recently illustrated by a cartoon (see cut): a rather small Nehru walking between a big Eisenhower and a big Bulganin, having his right hand in Eisenhower's and his left hand in Bulganin's pocket, and captioned "Economic Coexistence."

JOSE PRUSSING

Bombay, India

Kicking the Goals Around

Sir:

Who is qualified to analyze objectively the "relative importance or practicability" of the 14 educational goals listed in the White House Conference report [Dec. 19]? Naturally, Chemist Joel Henry Hildebrand insists that mathematics and science are the most important. Yet nothing is either practicable or important if never used. Those who bemoan declining registrations in high-school math and science courses should first survey the extent to which these subjects are subsequently used.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

Allenhurst, N.J.

Sir:

Your Dec. 19 education section quotes Joel Henry Hildebrand, who sounds as though he knows what he is talking about, and a school superintendent, John Milne, who appears to know how to act upon his beliefs and produce results. Why doesn't somebody get behind these and other such men and put some substance behind the White House Conference on Education?

DENIS E. COGGIN

Westfield, Mass.



Mrs. C. H. Holtermann of Staten Island, N. Y.

"It's nice to be a grandmother—even 3000 miles away"

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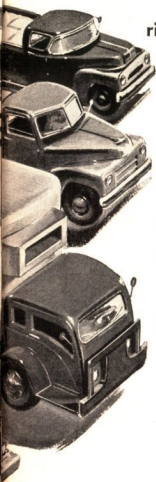
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

A Midwest housewife not long ago sent an urgent request to our Subscription Service Division in Chicago. It read:

"I hope this reaches you in time. I just found out that my husband wrote you two days ago to cancel the TIME subscription we've had for 20 years. Now Pete is a pretty nice guy and I love him, but I just can't put up with

sure enough, just as his wife said, he asked us soon afterwards to reinstate his subscription.

But Subscription Service gets many other and sometimes equally urgent requests that it is wise not to ignore. With TIME's domestic circulation now over 2,000,000 (some 400,000 other readers buy TIME in the four editions distributed outside the U.S.), and the total circulation of all TIME Inc. publications over 7,500,000. Subscription Service receives orders, notices of change of address, and inquiries by the millions each year. And these inquiries include just about everything ranging from requests for back copies to demands for legal advice.

In the past, when "540"—as Subscription Service is called for its street number on North Michigan Avenue—put down addresses practically with quill pens and bent stencils, magazines often went every which way but the right one. We heard about that from our readers, believe me! Now, I'm happy to say, our 1,100 people at 540, aided by 257 electronic business machines and 20 photo-electric addressing machines, can handle all of their correspondence, and print 377,900,400 address labels a year besides with a barest minimum of error.

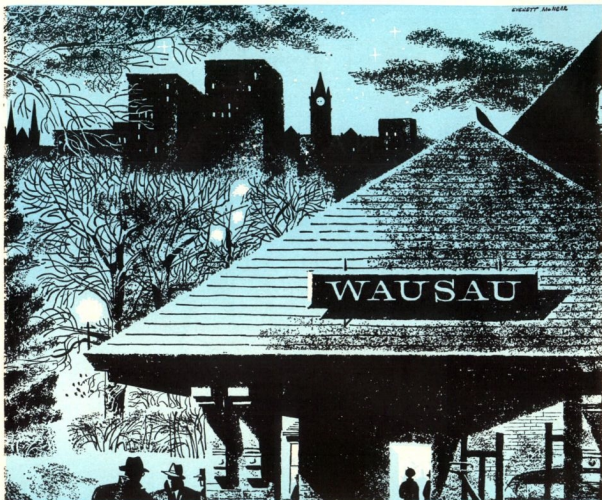
Last week our circulation people in New York celebrated the 2,000,000 domestic milestone by inviting a hot jazz combo to the TIME & LIFE Building lobby for a midday jam session. At 540, many expected those electronic units to signal the event by lighting up like a pinball machine in a Saroyan play—but the machines went on emotionally, clocking their way toward TIME's third million.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

INDEX

Cover Story.....25	Color Hong Kong.....50	
Art.....72	Letters.....4	People.....40
Books.....100	Medicine.....77	Press.....56
Business.....82	Milestones.....94	Radio & TV.....92
Cinema.....96	Miscellany.....104	Religion.....70
Education.....63	Music.....65	Science.....42
Foreign News.....22	National Affairs.....15	Sport.....47
Hemisphere.....39		Theater.....79



How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 45 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided the company from the very beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost personal character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't

want to lose. We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 90 cities. "A little bit of Wausau on the sidewalks of New York." And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do
business with"

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

A Vital Capacity

For 13 minutes and ten seconds, the U.S. and the world hung upon what was said, shortly after 9 a.m. of a sunny Florida day, in the bachelor officers' quarters of the U.S. Naval Base at Key West. Behind a steel table stood the President, looking a bit thin about the face and neck, but tanned and healthy. "First of all," he said to the reporters, "the doctor tells me that what he calls my vital capacity is very much improved. I don't know the meaning of the term so there's no use asking me about it, but I feel very much better—stronger—and much more able to get about . . . I am going back tomorrow, I think, as ready to go to work as a person could be, after the physical experience I have been through."

Then came the first question: "Mr. President, are you—will you entertain some questions about your political future?" The President did not dodge. "All of the considerations that apply to such things are complicated," he said, "and it takes not only a thorough studying of each one before you are ready to talk on them, but naturally I will want to confer with some of my most trusted advisers . . . I would say that the presidency is probably the most taxing job on the—as far as tiring of the mind and spirit, but it also has, as I have said before, its inspirations . . ."

Sense of Duty. A reporter said: "Some Republican leaders have suggested that if you are able, you might run again out of a sense of duty?" The President replied: "Well, I certainly sincerely trust that all of my actions in respect to public duty over the past 40 years have been inspired and directed by my own sense of duty, so of course that would have something to do with it . . . But where does the sense of duty point, and who determines what the duty is? That is a very tricky question . . ."

The President added: "As quickly as my own mind is made up . . . I will tell you people very frankly. I have nothing to hide here. I am certainly not trying to be coy . . . As soon as I feel that the whole thing is completely clarified and

that I can say where the path of duty is . . . It is a very critical thing to change governments in this country at a time that it is unexpected. We accustom ourselves, and so do foreign governments, changing our government every four years, but always something happens that is untoward when a government is changed at other times. It is a rather startling thing. They tell me that [there was] even some disturbance in the stock market at the time I got sick . . ."

The President concluded: "I believe that hard work is not only a very, very

Man with a Platform. The President's statement hotted up speculation about whether he would run. Elsewhere in the U.S., other straws blew in the wind. From Concord, N.H. came word that the President's name will be entered in the New Hampshire presidential primary of next March—without objection from the White House. The *Chattanooga Times* reported from "an extremely reliable source" that Mrs. Eisenhower and Major John Eisenhower were now willing that the President should run again. "After the visit in Gettysburg," said the *Times*, "it became

clear to all of the family that the President's temperament will not allow him to adjust happily to the restraints of an inactive life."

Perhaps more significant than a straw, in the minds of the political leaders of both parties, was the tone and composition of the President's annual State of the Union message to Congress (see *The Nation*). The message defined just the kind of platform—peace and prosperity, individualism and social welfare—upon which an Eisenhower-type conservative would choose to run. The Republican National Committee promptly ordered 150,000 reprints for immediate distribution to party workers. The Democrats reacted to the message with unusual sharpness, as if they too interpreted the message as a formidable campaign document. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, 1955's prime advocate of Democratic moderation toward the Eisenhower Administration, greeted the message with a campaigner's rebuttal. The U.S. domestic situation, said



Associated Press

THE PRESIDENT & FRIENDS*
Where does the sense of duty point?

fine thing for most humans but keeps them healthy. But there's also things happen to the human body, that after all maybe a man isn't described fully as healthy, and then there's another calculation to make . . . My mind at this moment is not fixed. If it were, I would say so right here this second. But my mind is not fixed to such and such an extent that it can't be changed."

* Center: Presidential Naval Aide Edward Beach; right: NATO Supreme Commander Alfred Gruenther.

Johnson, was not "as rosy as it is pictured"; the international situation is "one of deep concern." Three days later Adlai Stevenson said of Ike's message: "Very misleading. I don't think it was very accurate . . ."

A couple of hours after his Key West press conference, the President flew back to Washington to take full charge of the Government. "I will be in full swing," he said. The President had left the door wide open for his candidacy—and both parties knew that this suspense was the dominant U.S. political fact today.

THE NATION

The Objectives for 1956

Shortly after noon one day last week, President Eisenhower submitted to the Congress his fourth annual message on the State of the Union. He first expressed grateful thanks to a kind Providence, "whose protection has been ever present and whose bounty has been manifold and abundant." He summed up the good state in which the U.S. finds itself in the winter of 1956 (see box). Then, in accordance with the constitutional sanction, he turned to the prospects for the future:

"Every political and economic guide supports a valid confidence that wise effort will be rewarded by an even more plentiful harvest of human benefit than we now enjoy. Our resources are too many, our principles too dynamic, our purposes too worthy, and the issues at stake too immense for us to entertain doubt or fear. But our responsibilities require that we approach this year's business with a sober humility."

World Perspective. The primary U.S. objective, said the President, was the achievement of world peace with justice and the removal of "the pall of fear." The President reviewed his meeting with the Communist leaders at Geneva last July

and the ill-fated foreign ministers' conference in October. "The Soviet leaders are not yet willing to create the indispensable conditions for a secure and lasting peace," he said. "Communist tactics against the free nations have shifted in emphasis from reliance on violence . . . to reliance on division, enticement and duplicity." The U.S., therefore, needed to maintain and strengthen its collective security pacts with free countries, its own "long-haul" program of military preparedness. The U.S. needed to press its quest for regional objectives: in Asia, "help to nations struggling to maintain their freedom"; in Europe, "a greater measure of integration"; in the Middle East, "a fair solution of the tragic dispute between the Arab states and Israel, all of whom we want as our friends."

The U.S. technique, the President said, should be "dynamic as well as flexible, designed primarily to forward the achievement of our own objectives rather than to meet each shift and change on the Communist front." He, therefore, proposed a new approach to foreign economic aid, requesting Congress to grant him "limited authority to make longer-term commitments." Likeliest outline of the new presidential idea: a ten-year program, ultimately totaling \$1 billion, designed to pro-

vide about \$100 million a year for specific foreign projects, e.g., Egypt's Aswan Dam, approved by U.S. diplomats and engineers.

"Human Concerns." At home the President underlined his own concept of himself as a conservative in fiscal matters, a liberal in human affairs. "I expect the budget to be in balance during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1956," he said. "I shall propose a balanced budget for the next fiscal year ending June 30, 1957 . . . I earnestly believe that a tax cut can be deemed justifiable only when it will not unbalance the budget, a budget which makes provision for some reduction, even though modest, in our national debt."

Nonetheless, the President went on to propose a long schedule of federal assistance for the U.S. economy. He wanted a "soil bank" for agriculture, in which farmers would be paid for taking some of their land out of certain fields of production. (This week he sent a nine-point package farm program to the Congress, featuring a soil bank that could put \$1 billion into farmers' pockets by 1957.) He wanted Congress to look into "an experimental program of flood damage indemnities." He hoped to divert federal funds to help depressed areas, which he called "pockets of chronic unemployment." High on his list was the plan—stalled through 1955—for a ten-year, \$25 billion program of interstate highway construction with "adequate" arrangements for financing.

Moving on to what he called "the response to human concerns," the President proposed a five-year program of federal aid for school construction. He pointed proudly to the fact that almost three out of five U.S. families own their own homes; then he proposed the extension of public housing facilities for low-income families, with specific authority to construct 70,000 new housing units within the next two years. The President bore down heavily upon the national problem of high medical costs: extended voluntary health insurance was essential, he said, to "help reduce the dollar barrier between many Americans and the benefits of modern care."

"Threefold Movement." Briefly, the President touched on some specifics, e.g., statehood for Hawaii, revision of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, before reverting to the theme of the "program for the republic begun three years ago." He concluded: "The vista before us is bright. The march of science, the expanding economy, the advance in collective security toward a just peace—in this threefold movement our people are creating new standards by which the future of the republic may be judged."

"Progress, however, will be realized only as it is more than matched by a continuing growth in the spiritual strength of the nation. Our dedication to moral values must be complete in our dealings abroad and in our relationships among ourselves. We have single-minded devotion to the common good of America. Never must we forget that this means the well-being, the prosperity, the security of all Americans in every walk of life."

"IN THESE GOOD TIMES"

The President in his message to Congress described the U.S. as it stands in January 1956:

THE State of the Union today demonstrates what can be accomplished under God by a free people; by their vision, their understanding of national problems, their initiative, their self-reliance, their capacity for work—and by their willingness to sacrifice whenever sacrifice is needed . . .

Our country is at peace. Our security posture commands respect. A spiritual vigor marks our national life. Our economy, approaching the 400 billion-dollar mark, is at an unparalleled level of prosperity. The national income is more widely and fairly distributed than ever before. The number of Americans at work has reached an all-time high. As a people, we are achieving ever higher standards of living—earning more, producing more, consuming more, building more and investing more than ever before.

Virtually all sectors of our society are sharing in these good times. Our farm families, if we act wisely, imaginatively and promptly to strengthen our present farm programs, can also look forward to sharing equitably in the prosperity they have helped to create.

War in Korea ended two and a half years ago. Collective security has been powerfully strengthened. Our defenses

have been reinforced at sharply reduced costs. Programs to expand world trade and to harness the atom for the betterment of mankind have been carried forward. Our economy has been freed from governmental wage and price controls. Inflation has been halted; the cost of living stabilized.

Government spending has been cut by more than ten billion dollars. Nearly three hundred thousand positions have been eliminated from the Federal payroll. Taxes have been substantially reduced. A balanced budget is in prospect. Social security has been extended to ten million more Americans and unemployment insurance to four million more. Unprecedented advances in civil rights have been made. The long-standing problems of agriculture have been forthrightly attacked.

This record of progress has been accomplished with a self-imposed caution against unnecessary and unwise interference in the private affairs of our people, of their communities and of the several states.

If we of the Executive and Legislative branches, keeping this caution ever in mind, address ourselves to the business of the year before us with resolution, the outlook is bright with promise.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Making of a State Paper

Of all U.S. state papers, none is more formally conceived or more intricately worked over than the State of the Union message to Congress. In 1955 at least 600 Government officials were consulted during the five months in which President Eisenhower's message was prepared. It was still incomplete the night before its delivery. The chronology:

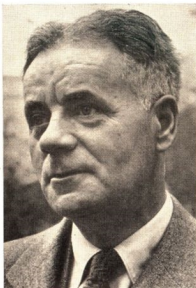
Aug. 5. Ike summoned his Cabinet to the White House to outline the message he meant to deliver. It would be brief, he said, with an outside limit of 25 minutes' reading time; it would sum up the accomplishments of his Administration to date, and hammer home the need for completing his program. Cabinet members and department heads were instructed to submit by Oct. 15 their lists of achievements and specific requests for new legislation. The man who would coordinate everything: Kevin McCann, 51, president-on-leave of Ohio's Defiance College, Ike's biographer (*Man from Abilene*), and currently White House Assistant for Speeches and Reports.

Oct. 15. Out of the U.S. bureaucracy came a book-size pile of research. McCann read it all, occasionally marking a paragraph or a thought he considered worthy of inclusion.

Oct. 24. McCann headed west to visit the President, recuperating from his heart attack in Denver's Fitzsimons Army Hospital. Settling back in his plane seat, McCann began to scratch out in pen and ink the first, 400-word outline of the State of the Union message. He put down five subject headings: 1) "World Responsibility," which later grew to "The Discharge of Our World Responsibility"; 2) "National Security," which became "The Constant Improvement of Our National Security"; 3) "Fiscal Integrity"; 4) "Our Production Plant," for which the President substituted "To Foster a Strong Economy"; 5) "Human Resources," which became "The Response to Human Concerns." McCann checked his outline with Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams and Economic Assistant Gabriel Hauge, and then set out, in a barren cubicle at the U.S. Air Force base in Denver, to write the first draft of the message. The result: a triple-spaced sheet of typescript that ran to precisely 30 minutes' reading time.

Oct. 27. McCann read this draft to the President in his hospital room. Ike interrupted at almost every paragraph to make changes. His secretary, Mrs. Ann Whitman, took a shorthand transcription of his ideas. Next day, with only Mrs. Whitman present, Ike spent 90 more minutes revising and rewriting the second half of the speech. McCann flew back to Washington, D.C.

Oct. 29-Nov. 1. Over the weekend, McCann studied the Whitman transcript and turned out a second draft, or "Revise No. 1," which he sent off to the President at Denver. McCann then thankfully took off



George Skadding-Less
SPEECHWRITER KEVIN MCCANN
Across the sixth revise.

with his wife for a seven-day vacation on the sunny island of Tobago "to wash the whole thing out of my mind." As it turned out, he had done only about two-thirds of his job.

Mid-November. Presidential revisions and departmental suggestions flooded into McCann's office. So did the rejoinders of consultants and constitutional lawyers, and phone calls from Cabinet members agog to learn whether their fondest projects had caught the President's fancy. To all, McCann responded: "Don't worry. It isn't frozen yet." It wasn't. McCann wrote "Revise No. 2" on Nov. 17, "Revise No. 3" on Nov. 29.

Dec. 2. Under the chairmanship of Vice President Richard Nixon, a long and trying Cabinet meeting was held at the White House. Starting with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, the members of the Cabinet commented on the draft of the message, then commented upon one another's comments. "No nit-picking," Vice President Nixon adjured his colleagues, but the Cabinet eventually sent out to the President a file of verbatim reaction that piled 1½ inches high. The Cabinet seemed in agreement. On one important point the Cabinet recommended stronger wording: "So far as the federal share of responsibility is concerned, I urge that the Congress move promptly to enact an effective program of federal assistance to help erase the existing deficit of school classrooms."

Dec. 16. With the President now convalescing at Gettysburg, the pace quickened. More Cabinet suggestions. More presidential revisions. McCann wrote a longer "Revise No. 4." By now it was obvious that the President would not deliver the message in person, so the need for brevity faded. The paragraphs on the farm problem were the most troublesome. Lights burned late at the White House as

a special committee—Nixon, Adams, Attorney General Brownell, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson—conferred. Rough drafts were handed to Jack Martin and Bryce Harlow, White House liaison men with the Senate and House, for comment and approval of Republicans on the Hill.

Dec. 20. Ike returned to the White House for Christmas, and at once got into a 90-minute discussion with McCann. He reviewed the latest draft of the message, with its countless incorporations and changes, word by word, working on through the holiday. Out of this came "the semifinal draft."

Dec. 28. Leaving the draft of the message with the typists, Ike flew down to Key West. At 1 o'clock, two mornings later, McCann followed with a new, cleanly typed version in his briefcase. With almost no sleep he plunged into another interview with the President, 9 a.m. to noon. Once more the President went over the message line by line, finally dictating two entirely new paragraphs. One significant point: "This record of progress has been accomplished with a self-imposed caution against unnecessary and unwise interference in the private affairs of our people, of their communities and the several states."

Dec. 31. Back in Washington, McCann huddled from morning until 5:30 p.m., with Sherman Adams and several others, smoothing out the whole message to conform to Ike's revisions, teletyping the wording down to Key West. Page by page, as the old year died, the final version was handed out to the typists. The White House executive clerk, William J. Hopkins, supervised the preparation of the two "signature copies," which would be signed by the President and delivered to the Senate and the House.

Jan. 2. While McCann sank back to relax, White House Staff Secretary Andrew Goodpaster flew to Key West with the signature copies. The President worked over them, making new changes, adding a word here and there. Ike finally signed the copies, which Goodpaster flew back to Washington.

Jan. 4. More last-minute changes. More teletyping between Key West and Washington. Late at night, Ike decided that he was satisfied, McCann was told. Stencils in the White House were cut. Mimeograph machines began to hum on 3,000 copies of the State of the Union message for Congress and the press.

Jan. 5. Shortly after 6 a.m., Assistant Press Secretary Murray Snyder arrived at the White House, took one last exacting look at the completed draft, one hour later released it to the press marked FOR RELEASE AT NOON. The signature copies, signed and enclosed in big White House envelopes, were taken up to Capitol Hill. Shortly after noon the clerks began to read the 7,500 words of the message. It took Senate Clerk Edward E. Mansur Jr. 51 minutes and House Clerk George J. Maurer one minute more.

TRANSPORTATION

All the Livelong Day

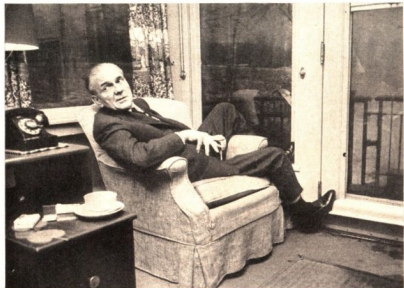
Until a year ago, the regular patrons of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad were abnormally contented commuters. Unlike many of their brethren who traveled on other lines, the New Haven crowd (35,000 suburbanites on the New York end, 22,000 in Boston) liked their trains; when other commuters cursed and griped about poor service, they smiled smugly and accepted their own discomforts as part of the daily grind. Now all is changed. For months, in the newspapers and at hearings in New York City, Boston and Stamford, Conn., the commuters have complained bitterly about sloppy service, endless delays, dangerous cutbacks in maintenance. All of the invective has

line rolling stock with low-slung, high-speed, articulated Talgo trains (he has already ordered three), and to string a moving conveyor belt along the tracks between New York and Boston to carry less-than-carload freight. But for all his energy, ambition and ideas, McGinnis made his passengers feel like galley slaves.

He has tried, after the McGinnis fashion, to win the public esteem. He jazzed up the New Haven's freight cars with an eye-catching black, white and Chinese vermilion paint job. (The color scheme was concocted by Lucile McGinnis.) He inaugurated an electronic reservation system, and offered free caboose rides to Cub Scouts. But his public-be-damned attitude kept slipping through. Although 63% of the New Haven's business comes from passengers, McGinnis has an ill-

A Lousy Five Bucks. Even McGinnis' innovations to soothe the public had a way of backfiring. His half-fare "Ladies' Day" tickets each Wednesday were an instant hit with the female population in the commuting perimeter. But they resulted in more overcrowding, more slowdowns and more complaints. The public was well pleased when McGinnis began a program of improving and enlarging the parking lots at suburban stations. Then he announced a monthly parking charge of \$5.50 a car. While the customers howled over what amounted to a concealed hike in their commutation-ticket fares, Pat McGinnis turned the affair into a real Donnybrook with a speech in Norwalk. "Because I want to charge a lousy five bucks," he roared, "people act as though I've torn up the tracks. There's going to be parking at every station, and if it costs me money, it's going to cost you money, because I'm a businessman—not the Ford Foundation."

Recently, Pat McGinnis has shown a new and surprising reluctance to comment in public. He stubbornly refused the demand of the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities that he appear at its hearings, sent along a posse of glib lieutenants instead. While the Boston hearings were in progress, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing publicly offered up a prayer to "have our railroads run regularly on time and comfortably."



Don Weiner—Brackman Associates for Fortune

THE NEW HAVEN'S PATRICK MCGINNIS IN HIS PRIVATE CAR
God bless the 5:08.

been directed at one man, Patrick Benedict McGinnis, 51, the colorful, terrible-tempered president of the New Haven.

Stockholders' Darling. Although a good many of the complaints proved on investigation to be justified (in 1955, for example, the New Haven curtailed maintenance by some \$3,000,000), the main trouble seemed to be Pat McGinnis himself. He is the son of a railroad gang foreman, and, before he took over the New Haven 20 months ago in a proxy coup (TIME, April 26, 1954), he had a reputation for fiscal wizardry. As head of the New Haven, he continued to keep the stockholders happy (estimated 1955 profits: \$10.5 million). He worked hard at his job, spent more than 350 nights aboard his business car—almost always accompanied by his wife Lucile, a decorator and art connoisseur—since taking over. He had big, dramatic dreams for the New Haven that sometimes made his more conservative officers nervous. He proposed, for example, to replace the present main-

concealed conviction that commuters are a liability. He has seemed to go out of his way to aggravate every bad situation and antagonize the commuters with his own tart comments. Items:

❑ When he was asked about unfulfilled promises that he had made after the proxy fight, McGinnis replied testily: "I've given those politicians everything they asked for."

❑ Complaints about the overcrowded Friday-night trains left him unmoved. "If everybody wants to travel on weekends," he said, "they will have to stand."

❑ Complaints about cramped, three-person seats exasperated him. "New Haven passengers don't like multiple-unit cars," he sneered. "They want a bed with each seat—and a bar."

❑ Grandiose station accommodations, in McGinnis' opinion, are a waste of money: "I am sure the commuter could be just as happy if he caught the 5:08 in a tent rather than in the magnificent marble edifice of years gone by."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Problem of Dope

In Washington this week Texas' Senator Price Daniel reported on the findings of a seven-month scrutiny by a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee into narcotics addiction and illicit drug traffic in the U.S. It was the first nationwide investigation of the problem, and the Daniel subcommittee heard 345 witnesses, including many addicts and smugglers, for a total of 8,667 pages of testimony. The subcommittee dredged up some hideous and alarming facts. Items:

❑ The U.S. now has more drug addicts (60,000) than all other Western nations combined. In the past three years the Federal Bureau of Narcotics has compiled a list of names and addresses of 30,000 known addicts, and the list is growing at the rate of 1,000 a month.

❑ Illegal dope traffic has tripled since World War II. At the end of the war, there was one addict to every 10,000 persons in the U.S.; in 1955 there was one to every 3,000. Thirteen percent of all addicts in the country are under 21.

❑ Approximately 50% of all crime in U.S. cities, and 25% of all crime in the nation, is attributable to drug addiction.

Daniel and his colleagues proposed a detailed program of controls, which they are drafting into specific legislation. Among the recommendations:

❑ The smuggling and sale of heroin should be punishable by penalties ranging from five years in prison to death. Explaining his reasons for recommending

such harsh punishment. Daniel said: "Heroin smugglers and peddlers are selling murder, robbery and rape, and should be dealt with accordingly. Their offense is human destruction as surely as that of the murderer. In truth and fact, it is 'murder on the installment plan.'" The death penalty, he added, should be imposed only in an extreme case, such as that of a peddler who made addicts out of 40 high-school students in San Antonio.

At least 50 new agents should be added to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics staff. The bureau now has only 227 agents—fewer than the narcotics-control staff of the New York City Police Department.

NEW JERSEY

"When the Big Boy Goes ..."

As the eight professional pallbearers hefted the 700-lb., hammered copper casket out of Lawrence Quinn's Funeral Home in Jersey City, a solemn voice called out to the pressing crowd: "Hats, men." Of the hundreds on the sidewalk, only four men were seen to lift their hats as a final gesture of respect toward Frank Hague, who died last week at 81. He was the last of the great machine bosses and the most absolute of them all. On a salary that never exceeded \$8,500 a year during his eight terms as mayor of Jersey City, he came to reckon his personal fortune at more than \$2,000,000, his homes at four (in Jersey City, on Manhattan's Park Avenue, on Miami's Biscayne Bay and on the Jersey coast at Deal). He said, "I am the law," and made it stick for more than 30 years. In a sense he performed a service: he helped throw true light on the nature of the U.S. political boss.

From the Tammany Tigers to the Pendergasts and Kellys and Crumps, the lore of the bosses had them as displaying their real inner benevolence by handing out Christmas food baskets and helping poor widows. These things they did, but in quest of power, not out of kindness. To a lavish extent, Frank Hague went through the same motions. As his monument to motherhood, for example, he left behind him the \$1.8 million Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital. But Hague was hated and feared, and the secret of his power was that he was feared more than he was hated. Simply by presenting to the public eye his natural, unlovable self, Frank Hague helped destroy the dangerous American myth of the lovable and somehow admirable political boss.

Protection from Drafts. His parents, John Hague, a blacksmith, and Margaret, came from Ulster's County Cavan and settled in Jersey City's Horseshoe district (so named because the railroad tracks made a loop there). In a frame tenement house he grew up, a sickly child who became a strong and healthy hypochondriac. During his years of power, he rode on the hottest days with all his car windows closed tight to protect him from drafts. Vain, and fearful of age, he did not like to have photographs taken that showed his bald spot or his wrinkles.

Never a scholar, Hague was expelled from school before finishing the sixth grade, went to work at the Erie roundhouse. He came to the attention of Ned Kenny, tavern operator and a factional leader in Jersey City's Second Ward. In 1896 Kenny was involved in a fight with a rival saloonkeeper-politician, and wanted somebody to put up for Second Ward constable. He picked young Frank Hague, gave him \$80 and told him to "use your head." Hague did, won the election, went on from there.

Jersey City was just the place for Hague. Its citizens were mostly immigrants who had in common only their bewilderment at the strange ways of American democracy and their Old-World respect for the authoritarian hand of the state. Autocratic Frank Hague rose from



THE LATE BOSS HAGUE
"God have mercy on his sinful soul."

constable to city hall custodian to membership on the Street and Water Board to city commissioner. In 1917 Hague took over as mayor, and two years later he struck for state power by successfully backing Edward I. Edwards for governor of New Jersey. By 1922, when he was elected Democratic national committeeman, Hague was recognized as being the most powerful Democratic figure in New Jersey.

Animal Spirits. His rule was a perfect kakistocracy. Hague tax assessors punished property holders who dared speak up in opposition. Hague patronage dispensers padded the payrolls with absentee employees. Hague officials took salary kickbacks from their hirelings (in 1954 Hague was sued by Jersey City—in a case later dismissed—for \$15 million in such kickbacks). Hague ward heelers accepted campaign "contributions" just before election days. Hague bullyboys supervised the polling places. In 1921 some Princeton University political science students, in

all their innocence, volunteered to watch over Jersey City's polling places to ensure an honest election. Within an hour after the polls opened, five of the students were in hospitals, and Frank Hague was explaining casually: "Animal spirits, that's all. I guess my boys couldn't resist the temptation to have a little fun." Fear of Hague was everywhere and was always present. As recently as a month ago, a Jersey City lawyer was asked by a newsman to recall the Hague days. The lawyer closed his office door to make certain nobody could overhear, dropped his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. Then he caught himself and said sheepishly: "I keep forgetting we're able to speak without reprisal now."

Hague retired as mayor in 1947, and tried to turn his power over to his nephew, Frank Hague Eggers, who was named mayor but did not last long. After Eggers was defeated in 1949, Frank Hague tried several comebacks. He never made it.

The Bitter Scrawl. At his funeral last week, most of his political enemies observed the amenities. But the bitterness that Frank Hague had created also lived after him. An elderly woman held aloft an American flag and a sign on which she had scrawled in crayon: "God have mercy on his sinful, greedy soul."

Before the funeral, Hague's undertaker had been worried lest an embarrassingly few flowers would be sent, and he was right in his concern. Asked about the sparsity, a funeral home aide could only reply: "When the Big Boy goes, it means he can no longer do anything for anybody."

NEW YORK

The Romany Road

The mental age of an average adult gypsy is thought to be about that of a child of ten. Gypsies have never accomplished anything of great significance in writing, painting, musical composition, science or social organization. . . . Society has always found the gypsies an ethnic puzzle and has tried ceaselessly to fit them, by force or fraud, piety or policy, coaxing or cruelty, into some framework of its own conception, but so far without success.

—Encyclopaedia Britannica

No one has ever made an authoritative estimate of the mental age of Big Joe Uwanavich, a high-caste Serbian gypsy who lives at 174 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. There is, however, no question but that Big Joe has been highly successful in evading all attempts to fit him into a social framework. A lifelong man of leisure—many gypsies let their wives earn the family living—Big Joe claims to have been arrested some 100 times during his 70 years, but has never been known to have spent any time in jail, at least not in New York.

The Scaffold Search. Last November, however, it appeared that New York had finally caught up with Big Joe. Picked up

by police at a race track, Joe, along with two kinsmen, George Lee and George Adams, was haled into court as a scofflaw, a term which New York City's Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh uses to describe the many New Yorkers who habitually dispose of traffic tickets by tearing them up.* Magistrate Murtagh, who has long been waging bitter war on scofflawry, imposed upon Lee (118 unpaid tickets) a \$5,000 fine or 590 days in jail and Adams (54 unpaid tickets) a \$2,700 fine or 270 days in jail. Then, recollecting that New York police files bulged with some 2,000 more unpaid traffic summonses issued to gypsies, Magistrate Murtagh cunningly announced that he would give Adams and Lee until Jan. 5 to do missionary work among their kinsmen, and promised that if the two succeeded in persuading a

The upshot was that Murtagh postponed Big Joe's sentence till Jan. 18 and sent him off to search out gypsy scofflaws throughout the nation.

Man with Influence. Thereafter Big Joe dropped from public view until last week, when the two Georges, Lee and Adams, returned to court to report dolefully to an unimpressed Magistrate Murtagh that the best they had been able to do was to persuade eleven gypsies to pay up \$800 on 97 of the 2,000-odd outstanding tickets. This, explained their attorney, was because they didn't have "too much influence." The man who really had influence, he added, was Big Joe Uwanawich, "who is currently on tour rounding up gypsies."

Thus reminded, Murtagh asked Saul J. Allen, director of the city's Traffic Summons Control Bureau, just how Big Joe

self with ordering Adams and Lee to pay half their fines immediately or go to jail. They paid. Meantime, Saul Allen, returning to his office, found waiting on his desk the latest postcard from Big Joe. "Dear Saul: Just a card to let you know that I just arrived here from Atlanta, Ga. Spoke to Zeke Williams there, and he told me he is sending you what he owes for tickets. I also spoke to other boys, and they promised to do the same thing." On the face of the card was a handsome photograph of Florida's Hialeah race track.

ALABAMA

Double-Edged Blade

On Dec. 1, 1955 Mrs. Rosa Parks, a 42-year-old Negro seamstress, was ordered by a Montgomery City Lines bus driver to get up and make way for some white passengers. She refused, was arrested and fined \$10 under an Alabama law making it a misdemeanor for any person to disobey a bus driver's seating instructions. But that was not the last of the Rosa Parks case; it has since been used to prove that economic reprisal, as advocated against Negroes by the white Citizens' Councils of the South (TIME, Dec. 12), is a double-edged blade.

Within 48 hours after Rosa Parks had been arrested, mimeographed leaflets were being circulated in Montgomery's Negro sections, calling for a one-day boycott of the city buses. The strike was so successful that Negro leaders decided to continue it until their demands were met. The demands: that Negroes be seated on a first-come, first-served basis without having to vacate their places for white passengers; that white bus drivers show more courtesy toward Negro passengers; that Negro drivers be employed on buses traveling mostly through Negro districts. The bus company agreed only to instruct its drivers to treat Negroes more politely.

The boycott continued, and last week, as it entered its second month, was still 95% effective. Rallies were held twice a week in Negro churches, where overflow crowds gathered to receive the latest information on car-pool schedules (the motor pool includes more than 200 cars operating from 40 regular pickup points).

The boycott's economic punch has been staggering, because the 25,000 Negroes who ordinarily ride Montgomery's buses make up some 75% of the company's patronage. Company officials refused to reveal the size of their losses, because "that's exactly what they want to know."

Last week the city commission granted the desperate company's request for a fare increase: adult prices went up from 10¢ to 15¢, school fares from 5¢ to 8¢, and transfers, which had been free, were priced at 5¢. The strike spirit showed no signs of flagging. A Negro minister, working for the car pool, stopped to pick up an old woman who had obviously walked a long way. "Sister," said he, "aren't you getting tired?" Her reply: "My soul has been tired for a long time. Now my feet are tired, and my soul is resting."



The New York Times

GYPSIES UWANAWICH, ADAMS & LEE

"Judge, I will try to bring in all the Uwanawiches I can find."

substantial number of other gypsies to come in and pay up, he would consider reducing their sentences.

The advantages of this arrangement immediately became clear to Big Joe Uwanawich, who was charged with 51 traffic violations, including demolition of a fire hydrant with his Cadillac. "Judge," said he, "I will try to bring in all the Uwanawiches I can find. Even the ones out of town. By the way, Judge, do you want Miller Uwanawich?"

"I want them all," said Murtagh.

"But, Judge," said Joe, "there are four Miller Uwanawiches. Which one you want?"

was doing. In reply, Allen produced Exhibit A, a series of postcards from Big Joe, all addressed to "Dear Saul." They read:

Q "December 12. I'm here in Kansas City, Mo. No gypsies here."

Q "December 15. Omaha. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Not many gypsies here. Leaving for South. Perhaps do better there."

Q "December 16. Memphis, Tenn. Not many gypsies here. Will write you in Birmingham, Ala."

Q "December 22. Birmingham. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Was in Houston, Texas. Met a few of the boys. They say they will send you some money."

There was, moreover, one other trace of Big Joe: a note from Bessemer, Ala. written on the back of a restaurant check. It said: "I, Nido Uwanawich, met up with Joe Uwanawich. I will pay my summonses as soon as I have money."

Late Communiqué. With Big Joe out on the Romyany road, frustrated Magistrate Murtagh was forced to content him-

* The word "scofflaw" was invented in 1924 after Deleware King, an ardent prohibitionist of Quincy, Mass. offered a prize of \$500 for the best word to apply to "the lawless drinker to stab awake his conscience." Submitted by both Henry Irving Shaw of Shawsheen Village, Mass. and Miss Kate L. Butler of Dorchester, Mass. "scofflaw" was adjudged the best of more than 25,000 entries.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Philadelphia Princess

"I don't generally approve of these oddballs she goes out with," John Bernard ("Kell") Kelly Jr., the national sculling champion, said last year (TIME, Jan. 31, 1955). He was referring to the foreign-born escorts his beautiful sister, Cinemacress Grace Kelly, seemed to prefer. "I wish," he added wistfully, "that she would go out with the more athletic type."

In those days sister Grace was showing a distinct preference for such indoor sports as Dress Designer Oleg Cassini and Actor Jean-Pierre Aumont. Last fortnight another young foreigner came to call on Grace at the Kelly mansion in Philadelphia. "I was under the impression he was going to stay just a couple of hours," said Grace's father, Millionaire John B. ("Jack") Kelly. "But he stayed and stayed." In the end the visitor formally asked Jack for his daughter's hand in marriage. Thus, three weeks after his arrival in the U.S., Prince Rainier III of Monaco found his dream girl.

Sculling & Skin-Diving. "I told the Prince that royalty didn't mean a thing to us," Jack Kelly recalled. "I told him that I certainly hoped he wouldn't run around the way some princes do, and I told him that if he did, he'd lose a mighty fine girl." The Prince solemnly promised that he would be an exemplary husband. After the family learned the happy news, even brother Kell had to admit that his prospective brother-in-law was no oddball. "I don't think we can make a sculler out of him," he said. "He's not tall enough. But I hear he's a terrific skin-diver."

Announcement of the royal engagement was first made public in the princely palace of Monaco. Shortly afterward, Jack Kelly confirmed the news to a small group of friends at a luncheon at the Philadelphia Country Club, and afterward to a thundering herd of reporters and photographers at the graceful mansion that Jack built himself. "Grace met him when she was on the French Riviera," confided the father of the bride. "She went there to make a picture called *To Catch a Thief*—and look what she came back with." Under the breathless guidance of an M-G-M press-agent, Grace and Rainier posed placidly for the photographers, answered the questions with aplomb—and an occasional assist from the family. When she was asked about her plans for a family, Grace colored prettily and let her mother answer for her: "I should say they will have lots of children." At first, Rainier accepted the questions and pictures serenely, but then the pressing of the press became too much. "After all," he muttered to his chaplain and good friend, the Very Rev. Francis Tucker, "I don't belong to M-G-M."

In Monaco the engagement announcement was received with some jubilation and considerable relief. Monte Carlo was soon festooned with flags and bunting, and at the Hôtel de Paris the headwaiter reported that the champagne supply was rapidly being toasted away. Grace's plan

for a big family was especially agreeable to the Monégasques, who felt that their Prince was closer to saving them from the dread fate of French taxes and military conscription that would result if Rainier died without a successor.

Washerwoman & Kaiser. The Monacan succession has been fairly tenuous in recent decades. Prince Albert I (1848-1922), an oceanographer of world renown, was the first prince of Monaco to marry an American girl, New Orleans-born Alice Heine. Albert's son by an earlier marriage, Prince Louis II, caused a dynastic dither when, while serving as a lieutenant in a spahi regiment of the French army in North Africa, he met and married the pretty daughter of a washerwoman who,



MONACO'S RAINIER & GRACE
Nibbled violets, nibbled ear.

in due course, presented him with a daughter. Albert stonily refused to recognize his grandchild, and threatened to disinherit Louis. Kaiser Wilhelm promptly proposed the German Duke of Urach as a suitable heir. In the nick of time the prodigal prince came home, was reconciled with his father. Prince Albert recognized his granddaughter, Princess Charlotte.

In Rainier's own time the path to the throne has been tortuous. Princess Charlotte, Rainier's mother, obtained a divorce from her husband, French Count Pierre de Polignac, in 1933, and renounced her rights to the throne in favor of her son Rainier. Later, Polignac attempted to kidnap his son, who was then a schoolboy in England, but doughty old Prince Louis won custody in a bitter battle in a London court, and Rainier remained the heir apparent. In 1949, three years after marrying an aging actress, Prince Louis died,

leaving his 22 titles, his considerable bank account and his principality to Rainier.

Comedian & Playwright. With both an actress and an American among her recent predecessors, Princess-elect Kelly should have no difficulties with her royal in-laws in a country that is not much larger than the M-G-M lot. The Kelly family tree is, in its way, quite as colorful as Rainier's line. Jack Kelly is the son of a County Mayo farmer who emigrated to Philadelphia and begat a large and boisterous family. Two of Jack's brothers became famous in the theater: Walter ("The Virginia Judge") was a celebrated vaudeville comedian and George (*Craig's Wife*) a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright.

Jack Kelly has made several names for himself—in business, sports and politics. As a young boy, he went to work carrying hods for his brother, a brick contractor. In his spare time he practiced rowing on the Schuylkill, became proficient enough to try for the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Britain's Henley Royal Regatta in 1920. He was turned down, though: as a former bricklayer, he was not considered a gentleman. Kelly beat the Diamond Sculls winner just the same, at the Olympics two months later, and sent his stained sculling cap to King George V as a booby prize. In 1947 and 1949 son Kell won the Diamond Sculls easily, topped off his father's revenge.

Jack Kelly built up a prosperous brick contracting business and began to dabble in politics. When Philadelphia's Democratic Party was reviving in 1935, Kelly ran for mayor, lost by 47,000 votes. He has never run for office again, but has kept a steady hand in politics. He has also kept up a running interest in horse racing (he is president of the Atlantic City Racing Association) and body-building (he inspired President Eisenhower's Lunch of Champions last July).

After the announcements, Grace and Rainier attended a gala ball in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, where they sat uncomfortably in a "royal" box and nibbled crystallized violets while the press howled at the door. Grace wore a Dior gown and low heels so that she would not be taller than the 5 ft. 6 in. Prince. Later, at the Harwyn Club, Grace nibbled at Rainier's ear, and danced with him until 4 a.m. This week she was off to Hollywood to make a movie with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, leaving her fiancé to wander around the U.S. until time for the spring wedding.

To keep him company, Rainier had his friend, Chaplain Tucker, who was visibly delighted with the match. Rainier, said the priest, was smitten the first time he saw Grace on the screen. She seemed to fit exacting specifications for a bride (TIME, Dec. 26). So, "shortly after she arrived on the Riviera, we arranged a date. I told the prince," said Delaware-born Father Tucker, "that he could marry a commoner, but not a common girl." Grace met Father Tucker's specifications, too. In Chicago Grace paused briefly to give her own estimate of the situation. "Nationality," she said, "has nothing to do with love."

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

A Finding of Failure

As the votes came in and a sleet-grey day dawned, the brutal exposure of their own shortcomings confronted the French nakedly. They had longed for a new majority which could be strong and stable. They had reaped chaos, an Assembly of extremes far more ungovernable than the last.

In five years, the men of immobilism who had governed France had been found wanting—so wanting that 5,400,000 voters cast their ballots for the Communists and gave the Communists increased representation in Parliament. But the bluntest verdict came from a bookseller whose only program was a refusal to pay taxes, and whose only remedy was to get rid of the old gang. "Throw the rascals out!" cried Pierre Poujade—and 2,400,000 Frenchmen gave him their vote in what Poujade himself called "an explosion of despair."

Internationally, the result dealt a heavy blow to France's sagging prestige. There was little worry that France would desert the Western cause, but it would be no better partner in it. At best, any French government formed from the new Assembly seemed doomed to linger between a balk and a breakdown. At international tables, France's place would not be the "empty chair" of which Sir Winston Churchill once warned. But it was likely to be a chair occupied by a diminished man, hesitant to commit his nation to new exertions, uncertainly representing a negative mandate.

22 Million Frenchmen

A gaggle of politicians, statisticians, poll-counters and newsmen collected beneath the glittering chandeliers of the Interior Ministry and waited for the returns from the biggest election turnout in

France's history—21,794,974 voters. The drone of a functionary's voice brought silence. Figures flashed on a screen. From loudspeakers blared the names of successful candidates for the National Assembly. Soon an unfamiliar sound began to take on a rhythm of familiarity. "Département of Finistère," said a voice, "Monsieur Demarquet, Ood-ka. Département of Seine-et-Oise, Monsieur Coutraud, Ood-ka."

"Ood-ka" was a new French word last week. Ood-ka meant U.D.C.A., the *Union de Défense des Commerçants et des Artisans*. And U.D.C.A. meant Pierre Poujade, the rabble-rousing bookseller, and his ragtag crusade against taxes, politicians and parliamentary government. Though the Poujadists had entered more candidates (about 800) than any other party, had disrupted countless meetings with storms of vituperation and vegetables, and generally raised welts on the public well, the experts had not taken young Pierre Poujade and his bray-voiced "antis" very seriously. But Poujade's bully-boy movement of shopkeepers, farmers, artisans and small businessmen won 52 seats.

Dissipating the Power. It was the most dramatically dismaying result of the whole dismaying election. For the third time since the war, Frenchmen had gone to the polls—a healthy 82% of the eligible turned out—and, in an Assembly of 626 seats (30 of them to be decided later in Algeria), had dissipated the power to govern among four main blocs, roughly as follows:

- ☐ Communists: 150.
- ☐ Left-of-center coalition (Pierre Mendès-France and Socialists): 160.
- ☐ Right-of-center coalition (Premier Edgar Faure, Roman Catholic M.R.P., Independents): 200.
- ☐ Poujadists: 52.

Frenchmen examined their handiwork

with a national headshake of disbelief. The support accorded the Communists and Poujadists put a third of Parliament (36% of the popular vote) into the hands of men publicly opposed to parliamentary democracy. The remainder, a workable majority if combined, was decisively split between forces of relatively similar philosophies but bitterly conflicting ambitions and allegiances.

Reality Revealed. Ironically, the election did not indicate a swing of opinion; it only revealed the reality of the French political complexion—a reality that had been successfully concealed for nearly five years by the elaborate electoral system of "alliances" that the French had devised in 1951 to defeat the extremes of Gaullism and Communism. This time the center was so divided that alliances became impossible.

The results were startling. With one exception, every major party that actually increased its share of the popular vote last week lost seats; and the one major party that dropped in percentage of popular votes gained seats. Example: ex-Premier Pinay's right-wing Independents and Peasants gained 2%, but lost 42 seats. The Communists lost nearly 1%, but won 53 new seats, representing almost exactly the seats they lost in 1951 when the center alliances scooped up all Assembly seats in any Department where they achieved a bare majority.

A Long Fall. Thus, the center politicians who brought on the election were hardest hit by the results. Premier Edgar Faure wrenched little more than a handful of Radical Deputies away from his ex-friend and chief antagonist, Pierre Mendès-France. The Catholic M.R.P., the party of Georges Bidault and Robert Schuman, had 15 seats trimmed from its previous 87. Counting Gaullists who lost and others who joined new alignments, the right-of-center bloc fell 100 seats or more below the strength it had been able to muster in the old Assembly.

Faure's right-wing friends had hoped to derail France's man-in-a-hurry, Mendès-France, by bringing on the election months before he was ready. They did slow Mendès down—though he pumped his personal vote from 37,000 to 59,000 and built a base of roughly 70 loyal Radical Deputies in the Assembly. The factional fighting between former friends reflected credit on no one. Mendès' fierce attacks on the leaders of the dissolved Assembly, like their attacks on him, helped further to destroy the dignity of the parliamentary system and France's respect for it. If any of the politicians of the middle could feel satisfaction, it was the Socialists of Guy Mollet. Though they actually lost seats, the Socialists added about 450,000 to their 1952 vote, and emerged the stronger partner in the alliance with Mendès.

It was the Poujadists who provided the election's real surprise. A motley,



ALLIES MOLLET & MENDÈS-FRANCE
Ood-ka . . . Ood-ka . . . Ood-ka.

Robert Cohen—AGIP

programless band of malcontents, they had cried angry imprecations against tax collectors, hurled vegetables and insults at opponents, demanded dissolution of the Republic, baited Jews in general and Jewish politicians in particular, especially Mendès-France. They were sworn to perform in the Assembly not according to the will of their electors, but on the orders of their organizer and prophet, Pierre Poujade (*see box*), who did not himself seek office but required loyalty pledges from those who did.

What if Poujadist Deputies failed to follow orders? he was asked. "Oh well," Poujade said, chortling to reporters between bites of a tangerine, "there are plenty of lampposts left in the Place de la République." One moment he was sweet reason. "If they cooperate with us, we'll cooperate with them," he said of the center forces. Next, blustering: "We will not hesitate to use the most Draconian methods to achieve what we want—strikes, tax withholding and so on."

Temporary Deal. The simple mathematical truth was that French democracy was now hemmed in more tightly than ever between forces committed to seek its extinction. Even united ("I don't say we will not work with the Communists," said Poujade), the anti-democrats were not strong enough to reach for power. But the divided democrats could not grasp it, either.

The indictment of the French voter was not that he was politically indifferent: he was if anything too insistent on disagreeing with his neighbors. And in this he was helped by that old political nostrum, proportional representation, which encourages as many parties as there are disagreements. Proportional representation, and the resulting multiplicity of parties, registered accurately Frenchmen's differences and their deep distrust of one another. But it failed in the primary object of the democratic process—discovering areas of agreement.

Sullen Suitors. Out of the wreckage, the rightist forces of Faure and Pinay, from their position of slight numerical superiority, made the first gesture towards putting things back together again. Between the two center groups, said Faure, "there is no real opposition on the big problems." His proposition: "a temporary union" of left- and right-wing moderates. The right-wingers let it be known that Mendès was anathema to them, but hinted that they might accept a Socialist like Mollet or Christian Pineau for Premier. But hard-bargaining Mendès-France and his Socialist ally Mollet turned down Faure's offer, insisted on a chance to form a government of their own. "We have decided not to let ourselves be divided," explained Mollet.

With two weeks to go before the Assembly convenes, the sullen suitors were maneuvering to secure the best possible terms for whatever marriage they could make. They may succeed in making a go of things for a while; somebody had better, for problems press—chief among them the growing anarchy in Algeria. If France's

POUJADE of the "POUJADISTS"

Born: Dec. 1, 1920, in Saint-Céré (pop. 2,547) in France's Massif Central, youngest of an architect's seven children. Baptized Pierre.

Early Life: Quit Roman Catholic parochial school at 16, worked as apprentice typographer, grape picker, stevedore, professional bicycle racer, played football. Briefly a member (at 13) of Jacques Doriot's Fascist *Parti Populaire Français*.

World War II: Discharged from air force; after fall of France, fled to Spain, en route to North Africa to join Free French, was imprisoned for six months. Ill in Morocco, he was nursed by black-haired Yvette Céva, Algiers-born daughter of a French colon, married her in 1943 (they now have four children). They moved to England, where Pierre trained with the R.A.F.

The Struggle: Back in Saint-Céré the Poujades set up a small book-and-stationery shop, scraped along on sales of tourist postcards. Elected to municipal council on a Gaullist ticket, Poujade developed a gift for homespun speechmaking.

The Movement: In July 1953, some 30 Saint-Céré merchants, notified that the tax inspector was about to examine their books, appealed to Councillor Poujade, who formed a committee that threw out the tax inspectors, later organized resistance against the police. ("I cheat on my taxes. I always have. I couldn't get by otherwise.") Poujade formed the Union for the Defense of Shopkeepers and Artisans, which quickly spread throughout France. In March last year, heading a national movement of 800,000 supporters, he called a taxpayers' strike, took his fight for fiscal reform to the National Assembly, where he sat in the gallery brazenly directing the debate, won concessions from Premier Faure's government (*TIME*, April 11). Setting up headquarters in a villa near

AGIP



Paris, he enlarged his campaign into a general attack on French political institutions.

Poujadisms (uttered genially, sentences punctuated with roars of laughter): "We want to put new blood into our Republican institutions. You wouldn't have to blow very hard right now to overturn them . . . If France had been governed by an honest group of men, this movement would not exist today . . . I would like to shoot everyone who has not informed the country about the financial situation . . . We should follow Portugal's example and practice a vigilant type of nationalism . . . Call me a Fascist if you like—after all, they had some good ideas."

The Oath: Picking candidates for election to the National Assembly, Poujade made them take an oath, "If I am elected I solemnly promise never to take a position on an issue which has not been approved by the Central National Committee. If I betray this oath I promise to submit my physical and moral person to the punishments reserved for traitors."

The Program: "My boys are in!" shouted a gleeful Poujade last week. He himself did not run for office. At his headquarters villa, he said that the first order of business should be the convocation of *Etats Généraux*, a throwback to the *ancien régime* before the French Revolution, when the clergy, the nobility and the lower classes were the three estates who met to advise the King. "They will be formed by delegates of different social classes . . . I hope that the government itself will convocate them. I am not so naive as to believe that it will be easy to do. In any case, the Assembly must announce its intentions very quickly. If not, it will collapse." Presumably, the *Etats Généraux* would then abolish the National Assembly and rule in its stead—though Poujade is characteristically vague about details.

governing center cannot get together and stay together, there are two legal ways out of such a marriage. A future Premier can dissolve the Parliament and call for new elections, as Faure did—but not until the Assembly has sat for 18 months and overthrown two Premiers by an Assembly majority.

A quicker way is for the Deputies themselves at some point to decide that they are hopelessly divided, vote their immediate dissolution, and go back to the country for new elections. "But this," as the London *Economist* pointed out, "would require an improbable degree of self-abnegation"—and unless this divided Assembly could first agree on some useful set of electoral reforms, 22 million Frenchmen would in all likelihood only say again what they said last week.

ALGERIA

Go

"Here I am. Here I stay," reads the inscription on a war memorial in Philippeville, but few of the 35,000 Europeans living on their raw nerves in or near the embattled Algerian seaport now feel like making it their own motto. In the days before the restless, roving bands of *fellaghas* began pillaging, burning, looting, killing, and destroying all that the French had brought to their country, busy, picturesque Philippeville had hoped to become "the Nice of Algeria."

But by last week, complained the manager of the Chamber of Commerce, the "only tourists we get are wearing uniforms." Philippeville's arched streets were dark and deserted by all but armed patrols and police cars from dusk to dawn. Social life had come to a standstill as Europeans huddled at home afraid to gather in crowds. For more than a year, native raiders led by a 34-year-old ex-carpenter named Zighout have staged an average of two attacks daily in the region. Once last August, they swept through town killing some 80 Europeans and warning the rest over the radio to "take your choice: a valise or a coffin." French repression was brutal, immediate and indiscriminate, taking an estimated 4,000 Moslem lives in the neighborhood, but it was not effective.

There remained the valise. Already 300 European families have left. Charming villas along the coast are empty and boarded up, for sale for a song. Those who could not leave wait and hope. "I'll go anywhere," said a clerk in Air France desperately seeking a transfer last week. "All I own is here," said an old farmer, "but find me a job somewhere, and I'll go." Paul-Dominique Crevaux, the pistol-packing young mayor of Philippeville, whose family has been in Algeria since 1847, was busy organizing a committee to resettle his citizens in Australia and South America. He had a special interest in the project, since he has already made up his mind about the future of his own family of five. "There is only one thing to do," he said, "go."

SPAIN

State of Disconformity

There is a time in the life of the successful dictator when he wakes up in the middle of the night thinking that there is nothing between him and the mob. "Where are my middle classes?" he is apt to cry. Something of this sort has been happening to Dictator Franco in recent years. Decay and dissension in the once-powerful Falange Party movement has emphasized Franco's lonely position as head of state, led him to seek a broader base for his regime. Thus he has dickered with the oldtime monarchists and permitted the return of some of the liberal survivors of the republic he destroyed 20 years ago. Last week he was reaching out for support in the new generation, which has never known democracy and has no



Dictator Franco
The secret was shattering.

cautionary memory of the cruel civil war. The results were a shock for Franco.

The Council of Scientific Investigation, an agency of Franco's office, took an anonymous poll of some 400 Madrid University students, carefully selected from various faculties and home backgrounds to give a Gallup-type cross section of opinion. The students were asked what they thought of 1) the ruling minority, 2) the military leaders, 3) the university professors, 4) the church hierarchy.

Unconservative Answers. The questions put by Psychology Professor José Luis Pinillos were admittedly slanted "in favor of conservative attitudes," but the answers were anything but conservative: 74% accused the ruling minority of incompetence ("tricksters," "improvisors," "ignoramuses," were typical phrases) while 85% went farther, accusing it of immorality ("unscrupulous," "false," "defrauders," "spongers"). Of the military leaders, 90% of the students said

they were incompetent ("ignoramuses," "routinists"), while 48% also said they were immoral ("women-chasing," "brutality," "drunkenness," were typical charges).

On the subject of professors, the students thought of themselves as a generation without *maestros* (i.e., great masters), not through lack of pedagogical talent, but because of the absence of authenticity, sincerity and dedication. On the church, 70% of the students thought the Spanish Roman Catholic Church's social policy unacceptable, while 65% believed that the church did not concern itself sufficiently with the working class. More than half the students accused church leaders of "ostentation" and "ambition."

Eighty per cent of the students believed that class hatred exists in Spain, and more than half blamed this on "abuses of the capitalist system." The political and economic solution to Spain's problems, 65% were convinced, must be a "socialist-type regime," and only one student in five thought that this could be achieved through conservative means. The hope of 60% of the students was for a political change that would give them freedom. This 60% was equally divided between monarchists and republicans, while only 20% listed themselves as totalitarians or Falangists.

The Venom of Materialism. Concluded Questioner Pinillos, putting the matter as delicately as possible:

"We found a widely diffused state of disconformity, held back in its practical consequences by collective fear, by economic ambitions and, above all, by the dearth of clear, constructive ideals. . . . On the whole, the growing discontent and the lack of political experience leaves the field wide open for very probable action by minorities of the extreme left."

In a New Year's Eve message to the Spanish people, Franco took up the theme. Unrest among Spanish students and workers and dissatisfaction among some intellectuals, said Franco, are due to the "venom of materialism" propagated by radio broadcasts from Communist countries and "seconded by misguided Spaniards at home." What obviously disturbed him were the shattering results of the university poll, though his Spanish listeners could not know this, since no word of the poll has yet appeared in Spain's unfree press.

GREAT BRITAIN

Nips at the Collie

Last week Sir Anthony Eden gave another of his vivid impersonations of a man of uncertainty. For weeks the Eden government has ignored press reports of old surplus military vehicles which had been patched up by European dealers, remilitarized and sold to one or another of the Arab states. But then came the revelation that 190 "demilitarized" Valentine tanks had been reconditioned in Belgium and re-sold to Egypt. Militarily, these antiquated vehicles were not much good to anybody;

politically, they were an opportunity, and Labor's energetic new leader Hugh Gaitskell promptly seized it.

To the accompaniment of a suitably ominous roll of editorial drums ("one of the murkiest scandals in the murky history of armaments"), Gaitskell loudly demanded a ban on all surplus-arms shipments, dramatically requested an interview with Eden to discuss the whole Middle East situation. Only then did the government announce belatedly that licenses for such shipments had been held since July, pending efforts to tighten regulations. At 10 Downing Street, Gaitskell pressed his advantage by demanding a White Paper on the whole arms situation. Eden was forced to agree—thus creating the impression that there were discreditable facts still to be unearthed, and if they were unearthed, it would only be because of Labor's initiative.

Gaitskell's nimble maneuver touched off a fresh outburst of Tory irritation at Eden. The Tory press broke into criticism ranging from the shrill demands of the tabloid *Daily Sketch* ("If he cannot make up his mind to govern, let him make up his mind to go"), to the embarrassed harrumphing of the *Times* ("The fact has to be faced that a certain lack of touch is beginning to be felt about the present administration"). Conceding the difficulty of succeeding Churchill, the *Daily Telegraph* grumbled: "Very few of us are bulldogs, and colliers cannot growl like the bulldog . . . This is a time for doing what is right, not what seems expedient; for courage, not for timidity."

The Tory criticism was out of proportion to the damage yet done—mostly because most had expected a surer performance of Eden. Instead, he had seemed as awkward as a guest in a strange house fumbling for the light switch. So far, none of the political bric-a-brac he had knocked off tables was of any real importance, and some Tories conceded as much. "The wave of sniping will pass," predicted the *Daily Express*, which is normally no Eden admirer. Yet so widespread was the sniping that 10 Downing Street felt called upon to deny publicly that Eden is about to resign, and the No. 2 Tory, Richard A. (Rab) Butler, leaving for a Riviera holiday, carefully assured everyone that he was behind Eden. If Eden is to speak with full authority in Washington later this month, he will have to give a more convincing demonstration that he knows his way around his own house before he sails.

It's a Man's World

Oxford Historian A.J.P. Taylor, writing in the *New Statesman* and *Nation*, added his historian's pennyworth to a lively London topic: "Most Englishmen do not like women. They have normal sexual desires; they need women as housekeepers; but they do not enjoy feminine society except at bed and board. Hence all our characteristic institutions—clubs, public houses, boarding schools, colleges—though not homosexual, still encourage homosexuality."

ISRAEL

Prophet with a Gun (See Cover)

All through Israel raged a debate of a kind new in its young history. Eight years ago this tiny state, the size of New Jersey, had elbowed itself into being in a hostile part of the world and had done so by a combination of its own energy and the world's sympathy. Israel came into existence defiantly in 1948—by force of arms and by proclaiming its own independence, by defeating five encircling armies and forcing the signatures of neighboring Arab lands to a U.N.-sponsored armistice. Israel had won its first papers in nationality at the insistence of one uncompromising man, David Ben-Gurion.

Now Israel was involved in another crisis, brought on by its own fears for its

pathy? The question had a false simplicity, because the partisans of securing sympathy, led by Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett, agreed on the need of military readiness: in fact, their argument was that the Syrian raid, happening as it did in the midst of Sharett's delicate negotiations with the U.S. State Department, had "wrecked" the chances of getting U.S. arms. Public opinion abroad, argued Sharett, "is a precious moral and political asset which we must reassure and protect." The partisans of militancy, led by Ben-Gurion, also care what the world thinks—but, says Ben-Gurion, "Israel will stand or fall by what is achieved in Israel, not by what is said abroad."

Last week the debate was resolved. Ben-Gurion, wearing battle dress, and Sharett in his lawyer's business suit went to the Knesset (Parliament) together. Speaking



State of Israel

SHARETT (LEFT CENTER) TALKS TO BEN-GURION IN THE KNESSET
The question was how best to survive; the decision was to stand tough.

survival, and the means by which it had chosen to "defend" itself—including the deliberate Israeli Army raid on Syrian outposts near the Sea of Galilee border in which 56 Syrians and six Israelis were killed (TIME, Dec. 19). Before the U.N. Security Council is a Syrian resolution asking sanctions against Israel and its expulsion from the U.N.; the official U.N. mediator has denounced the Israeli raid as disproportionate to the provocation, and Britain, France and the U.S. agreed last week to censure Israel in "strong and unequivocal terms."

The Axis of Defiance. The crisis is part of a larger one—the Middle East is now the liveliest front of the cold war—but it had disturbing perplexity all its own. Israel itself was agitated by the consequences of its policy. The question before the Israeli leadership in essence was how best to survive. By defiant militancy that disregards world opinion, or by securing world, and especially Western, sym-

before a packed assembly in Jerusalem, less than 500 yards from Jordan sentries' rifles, Ben-Gurion acknowledged that "security problems are bound up with foreign policy" and implied that he might have erred in ordering the Syrian raid when he did. But he defended Israel's determination to strike out at its enemy "with all the means at our disposal," whenever it felt the need. Ben-Gurion thus was firmly in control, with his ministers behind him. The government was speaking again with one voice, and that voice was demanding arms. Israel had chosen to stand tough.

The decision owed much to the powerful will of David Ben-Gurion, who, at 69, looks like an Old Testament patriarch with white hair foaming up from each side of his thrusting head. A Zionist and Socialist visionary, a prophet who packs a pistol, Ben-Gurion led the republic for its first six years until, frustrated by party niggling in his coalition, he retired to live in the pioneer settlement of Sde Boker on



the southern desert. Eleven months ago he dramatically returned to politics on the eve of elections, hoping to win decisive control of Parliament but achieving only a narrow majority.

Out of the Cemeteries. Ben-Gurion is the kind of man who provokes strong reactions. "He is a man nobody can talk to, reason with or deal with," says Jordan's Education Minister Auni Abdel Hadi. Admirers call him another Churchill; others,

like one State Department official, consider him "the most dangerous man in the Middle East." "Ben-Gurion is not a full man," says Sheik Farouki, leader of Arab refugees in Jericho. "He is a poet . . . not a man of facts. He wanted to build a new nation by raiding cemeteries and making a people from the bones of history." Says Foreign Minister Sharet: "People call Ben-Gurion an extremist. He is not. He is a radical who advocates all his poli-

cies with extremism—even a moderate policy."

B-G, in fact, gives the impression of a headlong man in a hurry, and his strength among his own people is that this headlong quality has often proved right. Years ago, when a British White Paper restricted further Jewish immigration and land purchases in Palestine on the eve of World War II, he decided that Jews must be brought to Palestine in large numbers in



defiance of the British rule. "We shall fight the White Paper as if there were no war, and the war as if there were no White Paper," he said. The illegal immigration, the organization of which he left as always to enthusiastic young followers, helped build a solid, well-knit and trained community to fight for the state after World War II. When Ben-Gurion proclaimed Israel's independence in 1948 against the advice of U.S. Secretary of State George

Marshall), his ill-armed, illegally trained Haganah forces smashed the Arab invaders and carried off his big gamble with stunning success. Then, as soon as the new state was formed, Ben-Gurion proclaimed the Ingathering of the Exiles, leaving it to his young followers to find ways to take in 750,000 immigrants in five years.

Love That Man. The devoted loyalty of the able young implementers still shines around him. Of the three closest to him

now, one says simply: "I adore him"; another: "I love that man." Ironically enough, this mesmeric lawyer who commands such loyalty is a lonely man without real friends and apparently without desire for any. He has no small talk, and no interest in anybody else's. He is aloof from most of his colleagues, including veteran Zionists with whom he has marched since, an immigrant from Czarist Poland, he began his career as a plowboy in 1907

in a struggling settlement in Galilee.

His private passion is reading philosophy—Spinoza, the Greeks, the Bible, the ancient Buddhist writings. It is part of his search for what he calls "universal truth." When he met Einstein, he was interested only in what the great man could tell him about universal truth. When Burma's Prime Minister U Nu visited Israel, he went down to see Ben-Gurion at his desert retreat. They talked Buddhism. Afterward Ben-Gurion snorted: "The man knows nothing about Buddhism."

Kitchen-Table Autocrat. He is innocent of humor. His only joke that associates can recall was a remark made when he arrived at a Labor Party meeting from a diplomatic reception wearing striped trousers and a morning coat. He began his address to the meeting: "Comrades, please forgive my working clothes." In his old

rael, and fears that the state founded in 1948 may only be a historical episode.

The Enemy Within. Since his return, the old man has aged fast. In conversation, he sometimes repeats himself. Last September he suffered a mysterious dislocation in the inner ear that some have reported as a slight stroke. Over him hangs a somber sense that time is short and that like Moses he can only point the way to the Promised Land. Delivering his first speech after his return, he seemed even more wrought up about the enemy within than the enemy without, as he denounced his people for putting Zion's cause second to their own comforts and bowing down before "the golden calf." Later, addressing the Labor Party executive, he said: "There are too many gathered in the cities and towns and too few in the outlying places and along the border. There are too many

the Jerusalem Road, where village after village of red-roofed one-room houses have been set up, the majority of settlers have built on an extra room at their own expense and are cultivating gardens among the rocks. Says a 20-year-old Iraqi girl who married on her arrival three years ago: "We hadn't even money to buy a blanket to cover us on our wedding night. We couldn't speak Hebrew. We were frightened of everyone who tried to help us. Today we have a two-room apartment, a dining-room table with four chairs, a wardrobe with three doors, an icebox, a radio, two babies, two cots and a double bed. We speak Hebrew, and my husband has a good job. Of course we feel we are Israelis."

Under the New Economic Policy laid down in 1952, a conspicuous group of near-millionaires has arisen. A "Gold Coast" of California-style villas has sprung up north of Tel Aviv, where the wives of the new \$50,000-a-year men vie in entertaining ambassadors or ministers at lavish dinner parties. Bustling crowds, looking like anything but refugees from East European ghettos in their crisp frocks or open-necked, short-sleeved shirts tucked into belted slacks, hurry through the streets of Tel Aviv and Haifa, bent on marketing by day, on moviegoing by night (Israel's per capita cinema attendance is the world's highest). Over their cheese-cake and Nescafé, young apartment dwellers talk about new cars and skin-diving. Out in the older collective settlements, where palm-shaded bungalows hedged by bright bougainvillea and hibiscus have long since supplanted the rude huts, basketball courts and swimming pools indicate that the new generation of native-born Israelis prefer sports to politics.

The Big Gap. Israelis who have money can now buy pretty much what they want—Paris silks, sail boats, U.S. breakfast cereals. On the land, output rose 23% in 1954. Per capita income is \$450, highest in the Middle East. Water now flows through 65 miles of 66-in., Israeli-made pipe to irrigate 50,000 Negev desert acres planted to cotton and grain. Israel has struck oil near Beerseba. Though foreign estimates indicate that Israel will be lucky if the find cuts her present \$35 million-a-year petroleum imports by much, the first well is already producing 300 barrels a day for Haifa's refinery. Though foreign firms have not exactly broken down Israel's doors in answer to the Socialist government's invitation to invest, the \$200 million that U.S. Jews have spent for state-development bonds have made Israel one of the leading lands for private U.S. investment.

Back to the Bible. The new Israel strives obsessively for the forms and spirit of national unity. So far Israel's citizens have been unable to agree on a constitution, because the dominant Socialists refuse to accept rabbinical sway in the state. With only 20% of the population Orthodox, religion has not proved a cementing force. Because rabbis exercise absolute control over marriage and divorce laws,



TEL AVIV'S "GOLD COAST"

Claude Jacoby—Pix

Too much chasing after comfort, too little performance of duty.

Socialist simplicity, he is happiest in the three-room prefab that is still kept for him in the Negev pioneer settlement of Sde Boker. Even in his state residence in Jerusalem, he goes about in shirtsleeves and prefers to eat with his wife, son and daughter-in-law in the kitchen. His wife still cooks his meals and darns his socks. His personality and manners, his leisured kindness, have remained utterly unchanged by a generation in power. But he likes power, and he knows how to wield it.

"The world," says Ben-Gurion, "is not yet accustomed to the revival of a sovereign Jewish state after 2,000 years of its suppression. Even the Jews are not yet convincingly accustomed to it." The key to his vehemence today is that this visionary leader, as fiercely perfectionist as any prophet of old, has come back from the wilderness north of Sinai in the stark conviction that his people have not yet gained the Promised Land, and can never finally win it until they have overcome the enemy without and the enemy within. He is genuinely worried about the durability of Is-

rael and fears that the state founded in 1948 may only be a historical episode.

No Longer a Minority. Dynamic Israel indeed faces problems, but its achievements have been tremendous. The Israel of 1956 is strikingly different from the newborn republic of eight years ago. Only 20% of the 717,997 immigrants who arrived from Europe, North Africa, Yemen and Iraq between 1948 and 1953—at the rate of one every three minutes—still live in temporary accommodations, and the dominant feature of the Israeli landscape is no longer the tent camp of the first years of statehood but the ubiquitous, neat, garage-sized concrete houses—the longed-for "permanent" housing. Along

You'll want everyone to know...



When we requested a portrait of an ardent Parliament fan, we really had something quite different in mind. But it did turn out to be a rather fascinating way to suggest that many smart smokers want everyone to know there's something special about Parliaments. And you, too, will applaud the crush-proof cigarette case . . . the superb tobaccos . . . the luxurious flavor . . . and above all, the exclusive Mouthpiece that keeps the filter deeply recessed away from your lips. With Parliaments, *only the flavor touches your lips!*

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ONLY THE FLAVOR

TOUCHES YOUR LIPS



Men who feed America



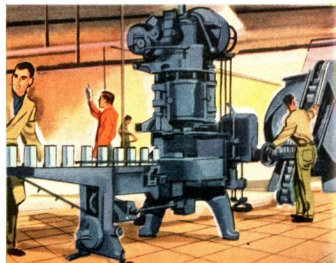
1. Many of the people who operate the canneries work in small towns—to be near the crops they pack. At planting time they are available to advise the grower on fertilizers and sprays, and even on choice of seeds. Many canners are also growers, packing crops from their own fields or orchards.

5. Peeling, blanching and similar operations are done by machines that seem to be almost human. But inspectors' eyes are alert to catch any product deviations from standard. In "the season," the canner snatches only winks of sleep, being always on call as crops are speeded into freshly-washed cans.



2. The canner must estimate the size of crops while they are still in the soil. Then he worries, along with the grower, over possible blights or storms. While he readies packing machinery, he studies temperature charts to determine when to expect the first picking. Early ripening calls for fast action.

6. Can lids are sealed on tight, sometimes under vacuum, closing at the rate of hundreds per minute. Each can becomes, in effect, a miniature pressure cooker. Fast cooking in the hermetically-sealed can preserves vitamins, texture and flavor. After cooling, cans are labeled, coded and cased for shipment.



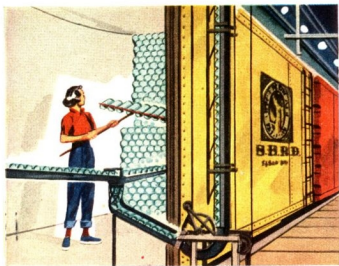
PUBLISHED AS A TRIBUTE TO

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49th annual convention
The National Cannerymen
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Here is the dramatic story of men who bring the nation's crops to your table all year around. Because canners work hard and conscientiously, you benefit by having a wide variety of nutritious foods always readily available wherever you live.



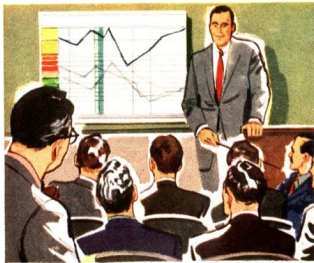
3. Cans must be ready—not too many, not too few. Since warehouse space is limited, the canner relies on a constant incoming flow of empty cans. Occasionally, trucks hauling away cases of freshly-packed canned foods bring new can supplies from a nearby Continental plant on their return trip.

7. While various crops follow one another through the cannery, the canner is arranging for their distribution. All through the year he works with his own and brokers' salesmen, and with the buyers at chain-store offices. So at every season of the year you will find good canned foods in plentiful supply!



4. The crops are ripe and ready! As they come into the cannery, they are inspected for color, quality and texture. The canner, whose reputation is at stake, watches these inspections with close attention. Only perfect fruits and vegetables will be worthy of receiving his or his customer's brand name.

8. Canners participate in many state, regional, and national meetings. They hear industry specialists, college and government scientists, marketing men discuss mutual problems. One such meeting at Atlantic City commemorates the 50th Anniversary of the first Federal Food and Drugs Act.



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some Israelis have already found a Reno in Cyprus. Israel's state-owned trains do not run on the Sabbath, and the citizen who drives his private car through Orthodox districts on the holy day is apt to hear an outraged cry of "Sabbath" from the curb. Yet the prevailing spirit in Israel remains the old-fashioned buoyancy of 19th century Zionist Socialism, with all its emphasis on sentimental nationalism, utopian pioneering of the land, and a generous belief in the nature of man. Israel's 300,000 elementary-school children attend either religious or "general" schools. In the one case they learn the Bible as God's Word, in the other more as folk literature. But always it remains at the forefront of the classroom, a reminder of "the stirring history, the spiritual greatness and the uniqueness of the Jews."

The 70-Nation Look. The most startling phenomenon in today's Israel is that there is not yet a recognizable Israeli. It is as false to picture him as a tough colonizer as it is to think of him as an ascetic-looking, hollow-cheeked, dark-skinned Yemenite or ringleted old Jew straight out of a Polish ghetto. The Ingathering of the Exiles crammed the new republic with people from 70 lands, without mutual understanding, unable to speak to each other, refusing often to pray together. Half the population is now composed of Oriental Jews, many of them near-primitive savages from darkest Arabia who had never sat down to a table.

To unite these elements Ben-Gurion called for "tremendous educational effort, superhuman patience and boundless love." Within a day's walk of Tel Aviv's neon lights are villages where babies are still painted to ward off the evil eye. Said one social worker: "The 10th century is living next to the 10th." In a village near Beersheba, a group of five young Israelis who answered Ben-Gurion's call to live with the newcomers found a group of Jews from Cochinchina—dark-skinned, resigned, pious and poor—who seemed to share nothing with the new state except the blue sky above. Said the nurse: "They were as foreign to us as the hinterland of India."

A special Civic Education Department opened 160 centers, taught rudimentary courses in "What are your rights?" and "What are your duties?" in 218 settlements; new vocational schools graduated 61,000 immigrants, including Yemenite welders who man the new \$5,000,000 pipe factory at Yuval Gad, carefully tucking their side curls behind their ears before putting on their helmets. In the new immigration towns such as Acre and Jaffa, authorities mix the newcomers to speed integration. One apartment house may hold families from as many countries as there are apartments. Some Europeans complain of being put next door to "blacks," and Israel with all its other perplexities now must worry about the color problem.

The Military Molds. The army, which takes every boy and girl from their differing homes and integrates them into the life of the nation, has done the decisive

educational work. Every army commander is told that he is primarily a teacher, and "only when you go into battle are you a military commander." Today five Jews newly arrived from Iraq, Yemen and Libya sit in Parliament, and the first Yemeni boys have won air force pilots' wings. The doubling of Israel's population in its first six years while retaining the form and spirit of Western democracy is a remarkable achievement of internal stability.

But 300,000 Israelis still cannot speak, read or write Hebrew, and it will be a long time before a lad from Morocco living in the arid emptiness of the rocky Hebron foothills wins the same opportunity as the boy from Rehavia, Jerusalem's swank suburb. Last week, calling again on the army to help deal with the social problems of

spending, its finances will be further out of joint. The question arises, must Israel continue to live requiring help from the outside? If so, can it be indifferent to the opinion of U.S. Jews and of U.S. and world opinion in general?

Economists insist that, ideally, Israel could make its own way if it took its proper place in its own region, and that its manufacturers can find their rightful markets in such undeveloped nearby lands as Ethiopia, Eritrea and in the Arab states themselves. But to find such trade in its own area would require a great change of heart among its hostile neighbors and a great change in its own attitude. Ben-Gurion's victory last week was an indication that Israel does not propose to make such a change itself. This was a victory



NEWCOMERS FROM NORTH AFRICA AT NEGEV SETTLEMENT
The tent camp has become the concrete city.

consolidating the new state, Ben-Gurion urged that the conscription period be increased by one year to 3½, the last year to be spent establishing new agricultural settlements in the Negev.

It is such inequalities, as well as the needs of the untended poor, the spiritual indifference of the older inhabitants to new sacrifices, and their unwillingness to populate and plant the open spaces, that most disturb Ben-Gurion as he surveys his country. But what disturbs others in Ben-Gurion's administration is the artificiality of Israel's prosperity. Israel lives on German reparations of about \$60 million a year, which will run out in 1965; on U.S. aid (\$40 million in 1955); on gifts and loans from world Jewry (\$67 million in 1955). Unless economic reforms are made, warns one of Israel's top economists, the country faces an "even more serious inflation than in 1951." Even with exports at record levels, Israel's imports run three times as high. The tremendous trade gap, admits Finance Minister Levi Eshkol, "is causing anxiety." If Israel now gets involved in a sizable increase in its arms

over his own Cabinet, but it was not necessarily a final answer.

A Question of Balance. The state of Israel was born in a wave of U.S. sympathy, when the meaning of the gas chamber and the injustices done to a whole people gave the cause of Zionism a support in the U.S. far beyond the ranks of U.S. Jews. It was also born at a time of American indifference to the Middle East, an indifference reflected both in U.S. policy and the absence of it. The Truman Administration, reflecting not only the Jewish vote but a wider U.S. sympathy, made a policy of supplying as much aid, dollar for dollar, to Israel, whose population then stood at 700,000, as to all seven Arab nations in the area combined, with their 40 million people.

The cold war, bringing jeopardy to the Middle East's valuable oil preserves and a Russian penetration into this strategic area, has forced a reconsideration of U.S. interests. Secretary Dulles now regards the region as the second most important for the U.S., after Western Europe; its loss, he recently said, would be "worse than the

loss of China" to the Western cause. The sale of Communist arms to Egypt thus presented an active threat to U.S. interests in the area. It also provided Ben-Gurion with justification for his new militancy: "Israel stands in imminent danger of attack by Egypt," he told his Parliament last week. "The [Communist] arms are intended only and exclusively for an attack against Israel."

But Egypt's Nasser replies that he accepted Communist aid only after Israel's attack on Gaza. Nasser told TIME last week: "Until last Feb. 28 I felt the possibility of real peace was near. The borders between Israel and Egypt had been quiet since 1952, and I felt at peace." When the Jews struck at Gaza, that feeling left. "That is why I bought arms from Czechoslovakia. I would rather have spent the money on social development."

Says Nasser of Ben-Gurion: "I have the impression that he is responsible for it. It was not that way when Sharett was running Israel. Sharett is not a cruel man, and it may be that he is a reasonable man. But Ben-Gurion is under the idea that terror must be raised, and he speaks only of force—of forcing a settlement on the Arabs."

Ben-Gurion speaks of Nasser in the same reluctant-enmity fashion. He told TIME: "For a time I considered Nasser a patriot and an honest man. He has a fine figure, a pleasant smile, a nice face—really he gives the appearance of being a nice fellow—and all those people believe he is sincere. But when I asked General Burns [the U.N. mediator], an honest man, to get one little thing from Nasser—an order for a cease-fire, he couldn't get it."

Outline for Peace. As incidents multiply, involving so often innocent women and children on both sides, grievances deepen. Israelis, confined in a land at some points only ten miles wide, feel themselves surrounded by nations that will never accept their existence, but U.S. diplomats in the area say that most responsible Arab leaders had become resigned to Israel's existence until Ben-Gurion began his smashing reprisal raids.

In this increasingly troubled situation, U.S. diplomats have tried to calm everybody down, hoping not to antagonize either side. The result has pleased no one and solved nothing. Inside the State Department and in the U.N. are influential voices saying that something can and should be done if only the West will seize the opportunity: Middle East leaders, these men say, will not make concessions on their own, but would be willing to make concessions at outside insistence if they could show their people that they had to.

Last August, in a speech before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, John Foster Dulles outlined a thoughtful plan for Middle East settlement. His proposals:

Refugees: some form of resettlement or compensation for the 900,000 Arab refugees who fled Palestine during the 1948

war and have been encamped in unspeakable bitterness and misery around Israel's borders ever since. Their plight is the Arabs' most effective moral case against Israel. "Israel is not prepared under any circumstances," Sharett reiterated last week, "to return and resettle refugees." His previous offer to accept 100,000 Arab refugees is now withdrawn.

Boundaries: Dulles asks for "mutual concessions," with the understanding that once boundaries are set, the U.S. would guarantee them. Israel has privately indicated its willingness to allow landlocked Jordan commercial privileges at Haifa, and to give Egypt a land route across the Negev to its Arab neighbors, but Israel bristled at references to waste territory



BEN-GURION & WIFE AT SDE BOKER
The Promised Land is still to be won.

that has "only sentimental value," and angrily denounces the British Foreign Office hint that Israel give way in the Negev.

Water: Dulles urged Arab-Israeli agreement on division of Jordan waters to irrigate new land for development and refugee resettlement. Eric Johnston, the U.S. negotiator, worked out an agreement that was mutually advantageous to both sides, but could never quite bring either to sign (Israel is the more cooperative). Said the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem last week: "If the Johnston plan gave 99% of the Jordan water to the Arabs and helped Israel by only so much as one gallon, I would still say no."

Dulles' proposals got no welcome from either side; the State Department's follow-through was woefully inadequate, and the Czech arms deal shortly afterwards queered everything. But the urgency of a solution increases, and so does the difficulty, as the weeks go by. The subject is

now high on the agenda of the U.S. National Security Council, and the British Foreign Office last week called home eight Middle East ambassadors for talks. In Jordan, Arab refugees from Palestine, spurred by Egyptian and Saudi Arabian agitators (and also by Communist agents) rioted in the streets and smashed up the U.S. consulate, bringing a protest from John Foster Dulles over Jordan's failure to protect U.S. property.

As passions increase, the West is agreed on one point: it will not finance an arms race in the Middle East. In Israel there is no longer agitation, as there had been a few weeks earlier, for a preventive war. Voices of moderation are being heard. Ben-Gurion himself said last week: "We believe the maintenance of peace is preferable even to victory in war. War is legitimate only in absolute self-defense. It is not legitimate if one's aim is the securing of peace or destruction of an evil regime."

But, though most Middle East experts do not expect a new Arab-Israeli war, there is also little chance (barring a bold and successful diplomatic intervention by the West) of peace. Says Ben-Gurion: "We have come a long way without peace. We can go a long way in the future without it."

FORMOSA

An End to Rumors

For several months, rumors that the Chinese Nationalists and the Red Chinese were about to get together have swept the Far East. The rumors suited the Chinese Reds fine. Premier Chou En-lai, in private talks with foreign visitors, no longer talked of "traitor" Chiang Kai-shek and his "clique," but indicated blandly that he would welcome negotiations with Chiang himself. He even hinted that Chiang Kai-shek would be offered the title of marshal if only he would give in.

In Hong Kong rumors centered around the head of a Chinese journalist named Tsao Chu-jen, who has a reputation for being both anti-Communist and anti-Kuomintang. Tsao had known many prominent Chinese on both sides before the Nationalists were driven from the mainland, had written a book about the generalissimo's eldest son, Chiang Ching-kuo. Believing that there was no future for an independent Formosa, and that the best thing for all Chinese was a negotiated settlement with the Communists, he got an encouraging go-ahead from Peking, then wrote to Chiang Ching-kuo, the generalissimo's son, in Taipei. "In this time of emergency, I have something important to tell you," he wrote, and he asked Chiang Ching-kuo to send a mutual acquaintance, whom he named, to Hong Kong. "Don't let this timely opportunity slip away," he pleaded. Tsao got no answer, wrote another letter urging "there is something very secret to discuss." After two more months of silence, he tried again: "Certain quarters have asked me to convey to you a few words for your

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careful consideration," he wrote. "I request you again...not to allow this great and timely opportunity to slip by."

Last week several London newspapers broke out with a rash of rumors of Peking-Taipei negotiations. One story had "General" Morris ("Two Gun") Cohen, a former bodyguard of Sun Yat-sen now visiting Peking, as the intermediary; another had Chiang Ching-kuo pushing the negotiations. At week's end Chiang Ching-kuo had had enough. "The rumors published this week are malicious fabrications," said Chiang Ching-kuo in a written statement that seemed to exclude any likelihood that the Peking Communists would or could deal with him. "Communists are liars and devils. You cannot talk with the devil. It is my ardent belief that to solve the Communist problem, the only way is to eliminate Communism."

CAMBODIA

Government by the People

Cambodia's young Premier Norodom Sihanouk, who used to be his country's King, has a strange notion of democracy. It is the people, not Parliament. Thus he calls his people to congresses (BIG NATIONAL POPULAR MEETING AT THE ROYAL PALACE, ADMISSION FREE) at which the policies of his one-party government are submitted for general approbation. Last week in the capital of Phnompenh, 8,000 "congressmen"—shopkeepers, farmers, tricycle drivers, artisans and housewives—sembled in a huge scarlet tent, set up among the peach-pink and ochre-tinted pagodas, to hear their princely Premier outline his new foreign policy.

Cambodia (pop. over 4,000,000) is a country of Buddhists lying directly in the path of Communist expansion in Southeast Asia. During the Indo-China war, three battalions of Vietminh Communist troops entered Cambodia, and Red China claimed that a "resistance" government was in being. But after last year's general election in which Norodom, stepping down from the throne to lead his own political party, won all 91 seats of the National Assembly, the Communists reversed their tactic. With soft words, Communist Leader Ho Chi Minh suggested a diplomatic exchange with Norodom. Nothing doing, replied Norodom. "Your radio is insulting us and encouraging subversion on our soil." And when Red China's Chou En-lai sent a formal invitation to visit Peking, Norodom shrugged: "I have enough worry on my hands now."

Orangeade and Opium. The first subject Norodom took up with his people last week was foreign policy. Cambodia, he said, would join Nehru's neutralist bloc, and at the same time it would accept U.S. military aid to equip an army of 40,000. If this seemed a little contradictory, Norodom added without batting an eyelid: "With this aid we will maintain a strong army even if America and Russia shake hands tomorrow." His public murmured assent at their Premier's wisdom.

Slipping orangeade (supplied by Norodom at 30¢ a glass), the congressmen



CAMBODIA'S PREMIER NORODOM[®]
Burning issues in a scarlet tent.

next took part in a discussion of domestic policy, about which they had firmer ideas. The burning issues (raised by the country's 30,000 Buddhist monks): prohibition of opium smoking, alcohol, prostitution, the slaughtering of cattle, working on Buddhist holidays. The spokesman for opium-den owners (frequented mainly by Chinese) was shouted down, and Norodom promised a ban on opium. But the use of alcohol was held to be legal because of the danger that "our peasants will ruin their health brewing their own."

The issue of prostitution brought a vociferous division between respectable citizens and those who gain from Phnompenh's attractions as a wide-open city (Madame Choum intends to enlarge the city's finest brothel, now that Saigon has been shut down as a sin capital). The distinguished wife of a provincial governor snatched the microphone from Norodom's hands and told the congress: "Let's face the truth. We know it's impossible to suppress effectively prostitution in our country; so why try to ban it?"

Swimming Success. A full moon was rising over the Royal Palace when Cambodia's congressmen drifted homeward, savoring the experience, rare in the Orient, of personal democratic participation. After issuing a sheaf of party and government directives, Norodom announced to an assemblage of his own party officials: "I feel out of strength and need a good three months' swimming and sunbathing vacation on the French Riviera." Everybody agreed that he had earned it, and off he went.

[®] Holding first typewriter with a Cambodian keyboard.

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THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

President-Elect

At the edge of the driveway near his Key West holiday quarters, a smiling Dwight Eisenhower greeted Brazil's smiling President-elect Juscelino Kubitschek with a brisk handshake. After posing for press photographs with his visitor, the President ushered him inside for a bacon-and-eggs breakfast, necessarily hurried because Kubitschek was due in Washington at 1 p.m. to address the U.S. Congress.

Forgoing his gimpy English, the President-elect talked to Ike in Portuguese, translated by Brazil's Washington Ambassador João Carlos Muniz. After breakfast Kubitschek bade farewell to his host, and raced back to the Brazilian commercial airliner that had brought him from Rio. Stops ahead on his pre-inauguration tour: Washington, New York, London, Paris, Bonn, Brussels, The Hague, Rome, the Vatican, Madrid, Lisbon—all in 17 hectic days.

Attacks of Protocolic. For a while last week, it had seemed that this whole ambitious schedule would be bogged down in a swamp of protocol. Advised that foreign governments might balk at giving him the full red-carpet treatment before Brazil's slow-moving Electoral Tribunal officially declared him President-elect, Kubitschek first announced a postponement of the trip. Flurries of messages buzzed between Rio and Brazilian embassies abroad. From Paris, Rome, Brussels, Madrid, Lisbon, Bonn and The Hague came assurances that Kubitschek would be treated as President-elect, certified or not. The U.S. State Department followed along. London almost got scratched from the itinerary until the Foreign Office found that an audience with Queen Elizabeth could be arranged after all. Having survived these mild attacks of protocolic, Kubitschek switched back to his original schedule and flew north with a party of 26 officials and newsmen.

At Washington, Kubitschek found Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Treasury Secretary George Humphrey waiting at the airport. Sped to the Capitol behind a motorcycle escort, the visitor, 80 minutes late, found the House adjourned and half the Senate absent. With a translator's help, he delivered a seven-minute speech to the Senate, drew five rounds of applause. The U.S. and Brazil, he said, "share the same ideals, the same sentiments, the same respect for the paramount dignity of man."

At a luncheon the following day, the toastmaster introduced Kubitschek as a man who had made good "in Horatio Alger style." The tag was entirely accurate. Brazil's President-elect, now a trim, well-groomed 54, was reared in poverty. He worked his way through medical school by working nights as a telegrapher, eventually became a fashionable surgeon, later gave up his profitable practice to enter

politics. Elected governor of the Texas-sized state of Minas Gerais, he made his name as a builder, with a long list of roads, power plants and schools to his credit. Running for President, he promised to do the same for all of Brazil, won last October's election by a comfortable plurality in a four-man race.[®]

Soon after the election, Kubitschek announced his plans for a foreign tour before inauguration day (Jan. 31). Besides winning attention abroad for Brazil's crucial economic problems, he wanted to dispel the notion that he is a leftist with



WASHINGTON VISITOR KUBITSCHKEK
Ideals shared, tyranny rejected.

links of some sort to Brazil's illegal Communist Party. Kubitschek is actually a middle-roader, a founding member of the moderately conservative Social Democratic Party, but he accepted a leftist Labor Party leader as his vice-presidential running mate. On top of that, he failed to reject the Communist Party's bandwagon-climbing endorsement. Inevitably, opponents labeled him a left-winger as well. Said Kubitschek at a Washington press conference: "I am not in debt in any way to the Communists."

Doctor's Opinion. During his busy three days in Washington, Kubitschek lost no opportunity to press his case. He packed in two state dinners (hosts: Vice President Richard Nixon, Secretary Dulles) and a frantic round of handshaking

and speechmaking. Everywhere he stressed the point that Brazil remains a staunch friend of the U.S., with both feet firmly in the camp of democracy. The U.S.'s "stimulating atmosphere of freedom and progress," he said, "could be strengthened, were it necessary, my profound democratic convictions and my confidence in the fortunes of the free world to which our two nations belong."

He made his biggest hit of all as speaker at a luncheon at the National Press Club, which has been called "the most cynical audience in the world." Said President-elect Kubitschek, to appreciative laughter and applause: "Yesterday I had the great pleasure of visiting President Eisenhower at Key West. I first met him in 1946, in Brazil, while I was a member of Congress. I can assure you that he does not look ten years older. He looks great. I say that in my capacity as a physician."

GUATEMALA

New Constitution

"You have always been a political mercenary!" cried Deputy Oscar Nájera Farfán to Deputy José García Bauer in Guatemala's Constituent Assembly. "At least I am not the night chamber pot of politics!" retorted García Bauer. "O piece of excrement, follow me out of this room!" thundered Nájera Farfán. In the tussle that followed, Nájera Farfán landed a solid right hook to García Bauer's ear before other deputies pulled them apart.

But if the temper of the final debate on Guatemala's new constitution was hardly above the barroom level, the charter itself, proclaimed last week by President Carlos Castillo Armas, was a model of good intentions. Major changes:

¶ Churches and religious orders, denied legal status since Guatemala's anticlerical laws of the 1870s, get back full lawful rights, including the right to own property.

¶ The Communist and other totalitarian parties are banned, along with all Communist activity by individuals or groups.

¶ The National University is guaranteed 2% of the national budget.

¶ The exiling of citizens, hitherto a favored political punishment, is forbidden (though a temporary clause permits Castillo Armas to override the ban for the time being in order to keep out henchmen of deposed President Jacobo Arbenz).

The new constitution will not go into effect until March. That circumstance last week saved Castillo Armas from having to use his special clause right away, when the government discovered what it said was a plot run by Guatemalans associated with Arbenz. With the eyebrow-raising explanation that "I will follow Communist methods in suppressing subversion—they taught us how to do it," the President jailed dozens of his opponents. Most were soon freed again, but four were exiled to El Salvador.

[®] The latest official count: 3,060,754 votes (36% of the total) for Kubitschek, to 2,591,148 for the runner-up.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In one of those embarrassing incidents which, whether accidental or calculated, always make surefire headlines, Sweden's voluptuous Cinemactress **Anita (Blood Alley) Ekberg** writhed her swivel-hipped way across the crowded foyer of a posh London hotel, suddenly found her strapless, skinlike gown at half mast when its key stitches gave way. Reported a lady eyewitness: "Under it was—just Anita." With a pretty display of shocked modesty, Anita repaired to an anteroom for repairs, cooed later: "I like tight dresses, but after this, well . . ."

On last week's sick list: Colorado's brainy Republican Senator **Eugene D. Millikin**, 64, ailing with a "digestive upset" in the capital; roly-poly Industrialist **Henry J. Kaiser**, 73, bedded in Honolulu after suffering slight injuries when he fell in his bedroom in the dark.

On CBS's *Let's Find Out* radio program, **A. Philip Randolph**, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, endorsed Tennessee's Democratic Senator **Estes Kefauver** as the most appealing presidential candidate to U.S. Negroes. Reason: "He is the only one to come out definitely on civil rights."

In Manhattan, Singer **Julius La Rosa**, 26, who found fame with TV Impresario **Arthur Godfrey** and fortune (\$500,000-odd a year) when Godfrey fired him, toasted his engagement to raven-haired Rosemary ("Rory") Meyer. Experienced in dealing with troubadours as Crooner **Perry Como's** secretary, Rory, 25, first popped into the public eye a little over a



CROONER LA ROSA & FIANCEE
Past perfect.

year ago, when she won a national contest as Cinemactress **Ava Gardner's** closest look-alike.

Utah's Governor **J. Bracken Lee**, who regards all foreign aid as the devil's handiwork, greeted the New Year with a renewed resolution not to pay so much as a penny of his 1955 income tax until he gets a Supreme Court ruling on the constitutionality of "squandering" U.S. tax dollars overseas.

In France, one of playboy **Prince Aly Khan's** legal eagles allowed that His Highness will soon take a third wife, top Parisian Mannequin **Simone Bodin**, 30, renowned as **Bettina** in the fashion world.



BETTINA
Future perfect.

Only obstacle now in the way: a French court's recognition of Prince Aly's Las Vegas divorce (TIME, Feb. 9, 1953) from sultry Cinemactress **Rita Hayworth**, who last week settled a nine-month feud with Columbia Pictures. Rita was expected to go before cameras in a cinemusical version of *Pal Joey* (instead of going Biblical, as once planned, in a movie version of Thomas Mann's *Joseph and His Brothers*).

On the 25th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera debut of durable Soprano **Lily Pons**, 51, the Met staged a special gala to hail her, programmed a hit parade of Ponsongs from such favorite operas of Lily's as *Rigoletto* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. From high-domed **Rudolph Bing**, the Met's general manager, Lily got congratulations and a passel of sterling silver mementos. Almost as trim as she was when she first defied the stereotyped bo-



SOPRANO PONS & THE MET'S BING
Present indicative.

vine height of oldtime grand divas, tiny (5 ft. ½ in., 109 lbs.) French-born Singer Pons graciously took her curtain calls, then used her special brand of English to thank Met-goers for "all those years I have sang in this wonderful house."

Efficiently walking through his publicity chores for the Senior Bowl football game in Mobile, Ala. (see SPORT), the University of Illinois' great, onetime All-America Haliback **Harold ("The Galloping Ghost") Grange**, 52, told a newsman how and why, after a 1951 heart attack, he doesn't gallop any more. Explained Red: "I keep just as busy as I want to be—no more, no less. I used to rush from one place to another, but now I'd just as soon get there five minutes late . . . Anybody who goes to an office every day, and doesn't have to, is nuts!"

FBI Director **J. Edgar Hoover**, often billed as the nation's No. 1 cop, decided that "cop" is a bad word, advised the U.S. public to refer to police officers with kinder synonyms. Wrote he in the FBI's monthly house organ: "Whenever there remains the vestige of the public scorn inherent in the epithet 'cop,' the hope for adequate salaries, proper equipment and working conditions, and other requisites of an efficient police department wanes . . . 'Cop' holds the same unsavory connotation as 'quack' and 'hack' when referring to the doctor and the journalist."

Forced by an attack of indigestion to abandon his microphone at the outset of the Sugar Bowl football game in New Orleans, self-respecting ABC-TV Sports Commentator **Bill Stern** kicked a modest point after the contest was over. "I hope it didn't spoil a good ball game," nobly apologized he for his dereliction of duty. "I have no right to do this to the American people."

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The Triumphant Squirrel

Linemen of the Wisconsin Telephone Co. were out on the road last week busily repairing the damage done to telephone cables by one of their most persistent natural enemies: the *Sciurus carolinensis*, or Eastern grey squirrel. To the engineers of Bell Telephone Laboratories, the problem is old stuff. In an average year, they figure, the grey squirrel gnaws through some half million dollars worth of U.S. cable. So far, no one has found a feasible way to stop him.

A Switch to Salt. Bell Labs' war on the grey squirrel dates back to the turn of the century, when the company first became conscious of the squirrels' appetite for the lead sheath in which telephone wires are encased. After the squirrels gnaw through the sheath, linemen found, moisture gets at the paper insulation around the wires, causing a short circuit and disrupting communications. Engineers went to work to find out what it is in the lead that appeals to squirrels. According to one theory, the squirrels are suffering from a nutritional disorder caused by a lack of calcium and phosphorus in their diet. Engineers put salt disks in containers on telephone poles, found that the squirrels were willing to switch to salt for one year. After that, they went right back to gnawing cables.

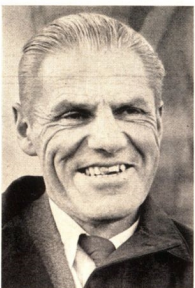
According to another theory, only "neurotic" squirrels gnaw. One researcher cooped up a group of squirrels in cages, provided them with all kinds and sizes of cable to chew on (0.5 in. proved most popular). He concluded that young, emotionally unstable squirrels and pregnant squirrels undergoing a change in their nervous systems are the most destructive gnawers. It was not as easy to find a solution, however. Emotionally upset squirrels, the engineers found, do not insist on lead sheaths; they are just as eager to chew on cables wrapped with copper screening or glass tape.

Shocks, Steel & Paint. Over the years, Bell Labs has tested more than 100 squirrel deterrents. Among them: weasel scent, tree paint, rabbit repellent, electric shock devices, steel-tape armor, 24-in. barriers of galvanized iron on telephone poles. None of these measures have worked. Several years ago, a researcher thought he had the answer in a brand-new repellent made of chlorinated hydrocarbon, found that its only effect was to make the squirrels chew treated cables and ignore the untreated ones. Lethal measures, e.g., coating the cables with paint containing ground glass, were blocked by protests from the A.S.P.C.A.

After a half century of combating the grey squirrel, the experts are ready to give up. It is cheaper to treat the damage, Bell Labs has decided, than to try to prevent it. Said Engineer Smith last week, noting the reports of squirrel assaults on Wisconsin cable: "It's hopeless; we're suspending study of the problem."

Utter Bilge?

When bluff, outspoken Australian Astronomer Richard van der Riet Woolley, 49, stepped off his plane at London Airport last week to take over his duties as Britain's new Astronomer Royal, he promptly let fly with some observations that shook space enthusiasts to their dedicated core. Gruffed Woolley, in response to reporters' questions about the prospects for interplanetary travel: "It's utter bilge. I don't think anybody will ever put up enough money to do such a thing . . . What good would it do us? If we spent the same amount of money on preparing first-class astronomical equipment we



ASTRONOMER ROYAL WOOLLEY
"Take off, boys, it's the Russians."

would learn much more about the universe . . . It is all rather rot."

Not content with such heresy, Astronomer Woolley went on to pooh-pooh flying saucers: "I was awakened about 3 a.m. by the R.A.F. and asked about an object 3,000 feet due west. I hopped out of bed and had a look. I should have said, 'Take off, boys, it's the Russians,' but I had to tell them it was the planet Mars."

For just a moment or so, there was a pained silence from British spacemen. Then there were howls of indignation. Cried Secretary Leonard Carter of the British Interplanetary Society: "We believe the first flight to the moon will take place within the next 20 years and that Professor Woolley will live to see it . . . Future Astronomers Royal will spend most of their time in space observatories and not in Hurstmonceux [home of the Royal Greenwich Observatory]." Added Interplanetary Society Council Member Kenneth Gatland: "Space travel is inevitable . . . Toward the end of the century we will get manned vehicles which will orbit

the moon, and right at the end . . . we will get actual landings." Confessed one of Woolley's fellow astronomers at the Royal Observatory: "I'm not going to throw cold water on space travel; I'm a fan."

But Astronomer Woolley had also given courage to other conservatives. Said the *Spectator's* Columnist "Pharos": "I wish the Astronomer Royal had gone a little further and told them to take up model yachting instead. That is a much prettier pastime than dreaming about going to Mars with a goldfish bowl over one's head and a super-concentrated food lozenge under the tongue."

Say It Again

The mathematical concept known as "redundancy" can be applied to virtually any form of communication. In a transcript released last week, members of the Association of the Princeton Graduate Alumni recorded some thoughts on how far it could be pushed into the consideration of art.

"Redundancy," as devised by Mathematician Claude E. Shannon and others, is an evaluation of the effectiveness of the varied forms of communication—e.g., telegraphy, speech, art, music, semaphore, television—in terms of the idea that a certain percentage of symbols in a message does not convey information but merely combats "noise." Noise is sometimes defined as anything from the static of a radio message to a wall of fear, prejudice or misinformation existing in the mind of the listener.

As redundancy increases, according to the theory, so does clarity, up to a point. Yale Electrical Engineering Professor W. J. Cunningham figures that most written and spoken English exhibits some 50% redundancy. If half of the letters were struck out, the message could still get through despite interfering noise. Two extremes of redundancy in English, according to Shannon, are Basic English, whose vocabulary of 850 words makes its redundancy far too high, and James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, which has such low redundancy (owing to the author's coinage of new words) that it is unintelligible to the average reader. In television, says Cunningham, redundancy is exceptionally high, varying from 95% to 98%—i.e., only 2% to 5% of the signal is actually useful in producing the picture received.

To engineers, the redundancy theory suggests a new way to approach the criticism of art forms. Professor Cunningham believes, for instance, that landscape paintings exhibit the same high redundancy that television pictures do. Williams College Art Professor S. Lane Faison Jr. cautioned, however, that the very best art exhibited the least redundancy, e.g., the paintings of French Post-Impressionist Paul Cézanne, who evolved a style that was a kind of shorthand. In Cézanne's paintings, said Faison, "whole areas of information" were eliminated: "tables, fruit . . . where the light came from, what time of day it is." Redundancy in painting, added Faison, is the very thing that Cézanne was opposing.

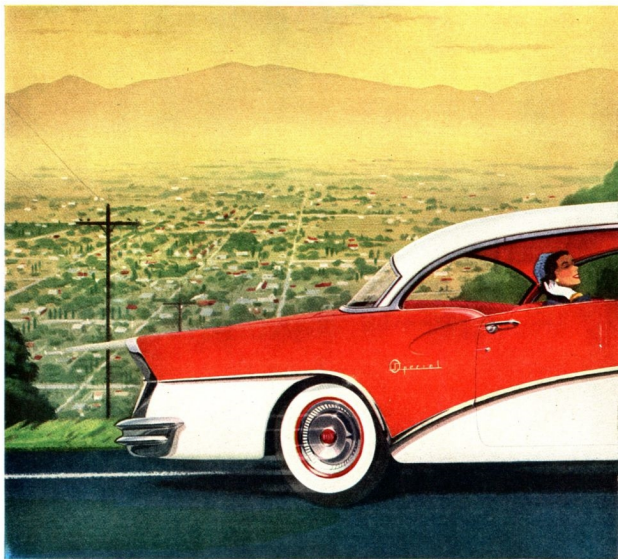


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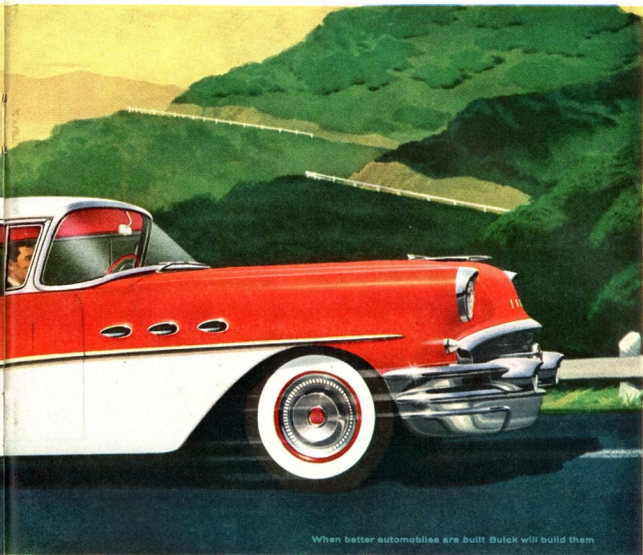
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SPORT

The Watson System

The New York Rangers' training camp in Saskatoon, Sask., was a dismal place last fall. Every hockey player there had read in the papers that his team was a cinch for the National Hockey League cellar. They were all resigned to their fate—until their new coach, former Ranger Center Phil Watson, started giving them the needle. "Last place?" snarled the fiery Canadian. "Why, I never finished last in anything in my life—not even in a poker game. Last season the rest of the league scored 210 goals against the Rangers while the Rangers made a lousy 150. This year we're going to reverse the figures. We'll see where that leaves us."

No Late Nights. Watson's system was straightforward. While he was boss, his players would eat, sleep, talk and think



THE RANGERS' WATSON

"I never finished last in my life."

hockey. Did some of the men feel smug because they had reported to camp at their best playing weight? They got the same treatment as the boys who had run to fat over the soft summer months; they were told to take off a few pounds just to keep them concentrating on their diet. Did they think they were sending those trunks of fancy clothes to the Times Square hotels where they had lived it up during other seasons? "Every one of you guys is moving out of the city," said Watson. No more late nights and last-minute dashes to practice sessions at Madison Square Garden.

From his four crack forwards (Lewicki, Hergesheimer, Bathgate and Prentice) Watson announced that he expected a goal a week apiece—the equivalent of one every three games. From the other seven forwards he would settle for twelve goals each before the regular season ended.

From his defense men he wanted a combined total of 20 goals. "What's so hard about that?"

It sounded simple, and when the season started it seemed to work. Too inexperienced to play as well as Watson wanted, the Rangers nevertheless took a firm hold on second place, behind the Montreal Canadiens, and served notice that this year, for a change, they expect to make the Stanley Cup playoffs.

No Friends. Not only did the Rangers keep up their expected scoring pace, but in the nets, little (5 ft. 6½ in.) Lorne Worsley made more than his quota of saves. Even the heavily padded goalie had a place in Watson's statistics. "I'll be satisfied if you let the puck get past you no more than four times a week," said the coach, and at mid-season Lorne was ahead of himself, beaten only 82 times in 35 games.

Last week, against the Detroit Red Wings, Worsley and the Rangers showed both how good and how bad they can be. For two periods the "Broadway Blues" were helpless. The Red Wings scored three times with embarrassing ease. But the Rangers came back to score five times with a demonstration of superb hockey. Lorne Worsley was beaten only once more, on a desperate last-minute play. The game ended Rangers 5, Red Wings 4.

Coach Watson has no intention of relaxing. He will go right on telephoning his players at home on off evenings to make sure they are keeping training; he will go right on fining them if they drop into a saloon for as much as a short beer or a long telephone call. Anyone caught swapping small talk with the opposition during pre-game practice will get an automatic \$100 fine. "We're not out to make friends," says Philip Henry Watson. "We're out to win games."

Scoreboard

¶ New York State Athletic Commissioner Julius Helfand won a clear-cut decision in his fight to disband the Boxing Managers Guild (TIME, Dec. 26). James Dougan Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, announced that he could no longer deal with guild managers, and the guild began to come apart at the seams. One after another, managers who wanted to go on making a living in the boxing racket resigned. By playing ball with Helfand, Norris had put himself back in an old and profitable position—once more he is boss of boxing.

¶ After a few years of athletic obscurity in the Air Force, Georgetown's Joe Deady began his comeback by running a 3:01.2 three-quarter mile at the Metropolitan A.A.U. championships in Manhattan to beat the official record set in 1940 by the late John Borican.

¶ Playing for pay officially for the first time in their college careers, a team of Southern seniors beat their Northern opponents 12-2 in the Senior Bowl football game at Mobile.



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- ☐ **Advertising**—Advertisements, Booklets, Displays, Dealer promotion, Television
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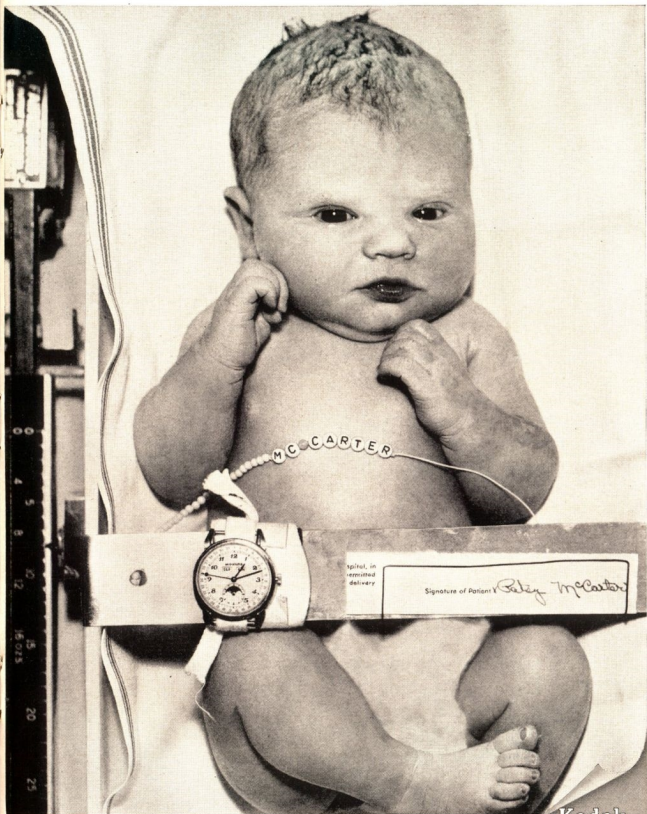


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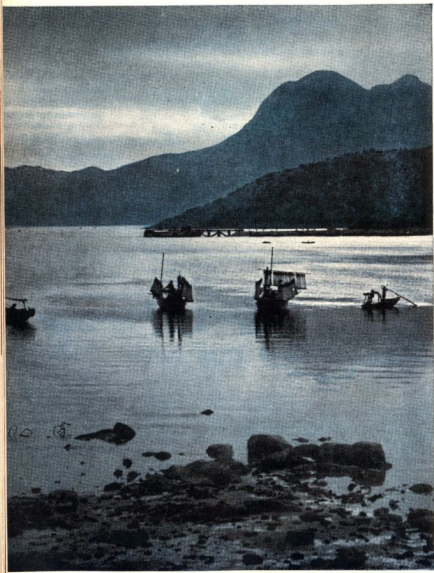
Teresa Jo McCarter, only minutes old—and still near mother
—a photographic record makes identity certain.

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HONG KONG

Main Door to Communist China: A remarkably unfrightened place

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY HORACE BRISTOL



FISHING SAMPANS, hung with nets, lie in harbor near Taipo, beneath New Territories' iron-rich Saddle Mountain

(rear). Sailing in fleets of a hundred or more, boats often get best catches at night, luring fish with kerosene lamps.

THE British Crown Colony of Hong Kong is a packed and pulsating place with a rich but brief past in a singularly unpredictable life expectancy. It is the last true colony of size and importance in all Asia, and it perches in incongruous complacency on the coast of Communist China like a fat canary on the shoulder of a hungry tomcat.

In numbers, Hong Kong's 2,400,000 Chinese, speaking every dialect of the mainland, dominate the colony, but a few thousand English-speaking whites run it. The mellow beat of wooden clogs on pavement, the clatter of mah-jongg pieces, the wail of radios tuned to Chinese opera, the brays of hawkers and cries of countless babies, all insist on its Chineseness—but the eye is reminded, by the flap of the Union Jack and the crisp gesture of a traffic cop, that here, as nowhere else in Asia, British "law and order" yet prevail.

Street stalls and numberless shops vend glowing jade, laces, lovingly carved woods and ivories from the China mainland (only a mile away), roasted whole pigs, tin bathtubs, hollowed-tree coffins, ancient cures compounded of dried sea horses, centipedes, lizards and snakes. Yet more than 1,500 workshops and factories, many of them new and equipped with modern Western machinery, pour forth a cascade of flashlights, rubber shoes, bicycles and cheap cottons for the marketplaces of Southeast Asia. The colony consists of 391 sq. mi.; most of it—a 356-sq.-mi. mainland area called the New Territories—is leased from China until 1997. But the overwhelming mass of people live on Manhattan-sized Hong Kong Island and the small Kowloon peninsula.

Traffic rolls in constant cacophony through gullylike streets between stolid Victorian houses of commerce. In the great harbor, junks with patched sails pick their way among British and U.S. warships, freighters and tankers of a score or more of flags. From the Peak, the British name for the range of hills on Hong Kong Island, houses of the rich and the merely prosperous give grace to a prospect that leads many a world traveler to argue that Hong Kong surpasses Istanbul, Rio de Janeiro, or San Francisco as the world's most beautiful seaport. Beneath the Peak stand perhaps the world's most crowded slums, where as many as 40 may live in a space 18 ft. by 14 ft., and along some



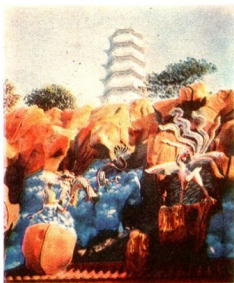
CITY OF HONG KONG, at base of 1,823-ft.-high Victoria Peak, is one of world's most densely populated cities, with up to 2,000 inhabitants per acre. This view looks across Victoria

Harbor from mainland at Kowloon, which government may one day connect with Hong Kong by tunnel. Building in foreground is terminal of railway to Red Chinese frontier, 22 miles away.



SAMPAN FLEET crowds Aberdeen Harbor near spot where British first landed in 1841 to occupy Hong Kong island. The

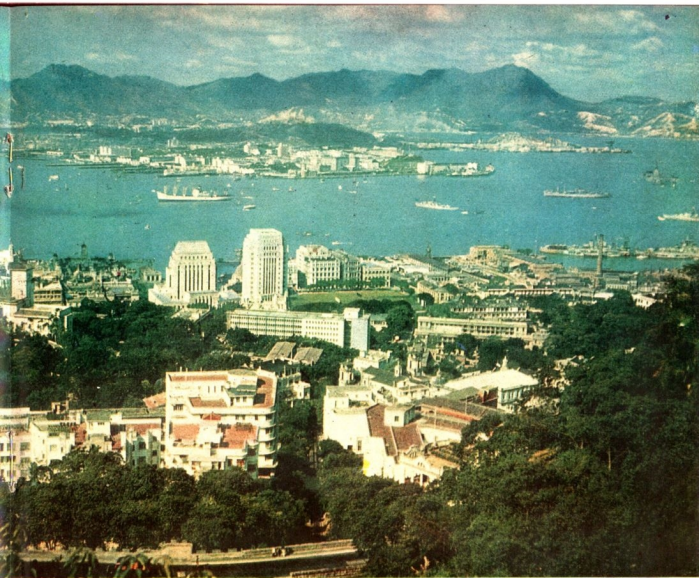
tiny craft, providing living quarters for owners, are also used to ferry patrons to floating seafood restaurants in harbor.



PAINTED DRAGON. phoenix decorate gardens of late Patent Medicine King Aw Boon Haw.



CARGO JUNK. one of 1,700 in Hong Kong, is used to unload ships moored in harbor, transport freight to *godowns* (warehouses).



HONG KONG SKYSCRAPERS look across harbor toward Kowloon's docks. Red-controlled Bank of China (center), next to British-owned bank, is the city's tallest building.

QUEEN'S ROAD SHOPS, including drug, sweets and luggage stores and the Old Sublimation Café, in downtown Hong Kong, are decorated for Moon Festival celebration.





DEEP WATER BAY, with sheltered beach on island near Hong Kong, makes popular spot for bathing and yachting.

FARMS AND GARDENS, limited by Hong Kong's rough terrain, climb hillsides in stairways of irrigated terraces.



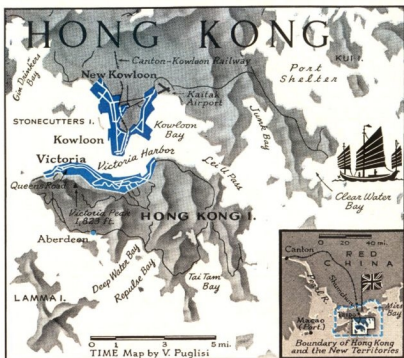
of the poorer, barren slopes, there are great barnacle collections of kindling-and-paper shacks, where 200,000 squatters live.

For a long time Hong Kong thought its congestion temporary, but now it accepts the fact that the crowds have no place else to go. More than 1,000,000 (no one really knows how many) have rolled across the Chinese border since the Reds began rising to power. They ask only freedom and often get little more (\$1 a day is considered a good wage in Hong Kong). Recently Wen Ko, a cultured former government official from Hunan, was crushed to death by a truck—while shoveling dirt as an earth cooler. To keep the flow of immigration under control, Hong Kong put into effect last March a quota that, in effect, admits one Chinese for every one who returns to China. The colonial service does its best to take care of them all, but in almost every fortnightly health report, the government finds it necessary to report: "Dumped bodies, 18 . . . 22 . . . 25," in reference to humans found dead in the streets.

Hong Kong is a battleground of Communists and anti-Communists who maneuver and plot and occasionally murder each other under the eye of a government that is alert to it all but prefers to pretend that none of it goes on. Hong Kong is the world's main door to Communist China and the only ready haven from it, and partly for this reason, it is a colony where political rights hardly exist. It is ruled by a British governor with powers that to all effects are absolute, and a vast majority of its inhabitants are quite happy to leave it that way. It is an example of what human beings will pay for security and order in an insecure and disorderly world.

Hong Kong relies on Red China for much of its food supply. Communists hold strong positions in Hong Kong unions of shipyard, transport, electrical, gas and water-system workers, and there are indications, never said aloud, that the Reds also have some strength in the police. They are busy within the school system.

Since Hong Kong and its trade-hungry businessmen take the official position that Communists as such are not bad or dangerous (the Hong Kong banking and trading concerns were in great part responsible for Britain's early recognition of the Peking regime), officials are circumspect about cracking down. Communists openly circu-



late their publications and run their businesses (the tallest building in Hong Kong, by 20 ft., is a Communist bank). Nevertheless, the police arrest and arraign and deport suspected Red troublemakers before a lawyer can say habeas corpus. The popular view among official and unofficial Hong Kong is that the Communists are strong but not strong enough to kick up the kind of violence they precipitated last spring in Singapore. They may be able to terrorize many Hong Kong Chinese, but they have not converted them: for what it is worth, Hong Kong displays more Chinese Nationalist flags on Oct. 10 (Independence Day) than Red flags on Oct. 1, the Communist National Day.

A Fraction of the Past

Hong Kong, its banks and godowns, was founded for "the China trade." But in the first eight months of last year, imports from Red China represented 23% of Hong Kong's imports, and exports to China represented a relatively minor 8% of all the colony's exports. This abrupt decline began with the trade embargo during the Korean war, promoted by the U.S. and accepted by a reluctant Britain and a reluctant Hong Kong. But the decline also reflects Red China's own increasing reliance on overland trade with Soviet Russia and the satellites.

Since the U.N. laid down embargo rules in 1951, most Hong Kong trade with China has been strictly legal.

Hong Kong has had to make over its economy and has succeeded surprisingly well. Early Chinese refugees brought their money with them, and today operate many of the white factories and home-workshop networks that employ some 315,000 Hong Kong men and women. At first a hotel owner hesitated before renovating a wing or papering over the flaked walls of a grand ballroom, wondering whether there would be time to amortize his investment. A prospering Chinese plastics maker deliberated whether to plow back his profits into his business or to save the cash for a future flight. But increasingly, the decision has been to take the risk. New office buildings, new houses rise. As a depository for the wealth of insecure rich men, Hong Kong ranks high—a steady flow of funds comes in from all over Asia for investment (in housing, factories, public utilities) and safekeeping.

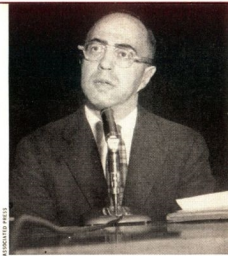
For a time, Hong Kong was a frightened place. Today Hong Kong is remarkably unfrightened. Its citizens, if they talk about it at all, exchange the mutual confidence that the big Red cat will not try to gulp down Britain's fat little Asian canary unless it is prepared to take on Britain and the whole Western world in war.



CLAYTON KNOWLES



BENJAMIN FINE



SEYMOUR PECK

THE PRESS

Eastland v. the Times

A fresh wave of subpoenas swept into Manhattan in mid-November in a Senate investigation of Communism in the press, radio and TV. They were prompted by the testimony last summer of CBS Correspondent Winston Burdett that he had been a Communist spy (TIME, July 11). Of 35 subpoenas to secret hearings by the Internal Security Subcommittee, 26 went to past or present employees of the New York Times. Last week the Senate investigators called up 18 witnesses for open hearings—and nine of them were on the Times, and two had just left it. The Times promptly accused the subcommittee's leaders of trying not so much to hunt Communists as to harass the Times for editorial views hostile to their own.

"A Lunkhead." For its opening witness in three days of Washington hearings, the subcommittee, headed by Mississippi Democrat James O. Eastland, called slight, white-haired James Glaser, 56, a copyreader on the Fair-Dealing New York Post. Glaser said that he was a Communist when he worked on a copy desk of the Times, which he quit in 1934 to become managing editor of the Daily Worker at a 35% cut in salary. He told a vivid story of his buffeting in that job (see below). Two years later he worked up "the strength" to quit both the party and the paper, and to stop being "a lunkhead," "chump" and "poor, miserable, tragic fool." A completely cooperative witness, Glaser nevertheless protested that "the sole benefit" of his presence at the hearing was "to make a sort of public spectacle of me, because of the dreadful, terrible mistake I made more than 21 years ago."

Another cooperative witness was Clayton Knowles, 46, who from 1947 to 1954 had been one of the Times's most respected Washington correspondents. Testifying in the marble-columned chamber where he had often worked at the press

table, Knowles pleaded "extreme naiveté" in having joined the Communist Party in 1937 while working for the Long Island Daily Press. He quit two years later.

Knowles told how he had gone to the FBI with his story in 1954 after his name had been mentioned to the subcommittee. At that time the Times shifted him from Washington to his present job in New York, where he assembles a daily news summary and index. Though he gave the subcommittee names of his Communist cell mates at the Daily Press in 1937-39—the list was not made public—Knowles said that he knew no Communists on the Times. Missouri's Senator Tom Hennings broke into Knowles's testimony to praise his work as a Washington reporter. Later, Hennings taxed Counsel J. G. Sourwine with not giving subcommittee members advance notice of witnesses, and questioned whether any "useful purpose" was served by embarrassing such long-rehabilitated onetime Communists as Knowles.

A "Tragic Mistake." Most prominent of the Times witnesses was Benjamin Fine, 50, education editor since 1941 and recipient of seven honorary degrees. Fine admitted to the "tragic mistake" of party membership for about a year in 1935-36 while he was a graduate student at Columbia University's Teachers College. He volunteered that his advice to young people today would be to "keep away from anyone who talks the Communist line to you on the campus." Fine's appearance as a witness was the only clue to why the subcommittee two days earlier had called his brother, David Fine, a New York movie exhibitor specializing in Russian films. He was the only non-newspaper witness, and the only one nobody bothered to ask about any Communist ties.

Senator Eastland complimented Editor Fine on his candor and praised him as "a fine citizen." But the newsman's appearance again provoked Senator Hennings into criticizing subcommittee colleagues. He objected "strenuously" that the group

had put Fine on public display after his "full disclosures in executive session."

Cell at the Trib. Other witnesses were less cooperative. Alden Whitman, 42, a Times copyreader since 1951, admitted having been a Communist from 1935 through 1948, but refused to name any other party members. After tough questioning, Counsel Sourwine pried out of him the admission that he had belonged to a Communist cell with "perhaps a half-dozen members" on the New York Herald Tribune while working there as a copyreader from 1943 to 1951. The Trib, which had been giving the hearings the splashiest play in town, grabbed Sourwine right after the session and later quoted him: "We have no evidence or information of any activity by Communists on the Herald Tribune now."

Seymour Peck, 38, a desk man on the Times Sunday Magazine who joined the paper in 1952, also fought shy of naming onetime Communist associates, while he admitted his own party membership from 1935 to 1949. Like Whitman, he did not claim the refuge of the Fifth Amendment to protect himself against self-incrimination. Peck, a onetime staffer of the now

JAMES GLASER





WILLIAM PRICE

defunct Communist-line New York *Compass*, simply refused to answer, despite the subcommittee's repeated warnings that he was risking a contempt citation.

Another *Times*man, Copyreader Robert Shelton, 29, who joined the staff in 1951, refused to answer any questions about his possible Communist associations. He tried to claim the protection of the First Amendment's guarantees of free speech and freedom of the press—but Eastland refused to recognize his claim, ruled that it had no legal standing in this case.

Six other *Times* employees invoked the Fifth Amendment to avoid answering at least some questions:

¶ Jack Shafer, 44, foreign-desk copyreader for nearly seven years, who testified that the *Times* fired him before the hearings started, when he indicated that he would duck behind the Fifth.

¶ Nathan Aleskovsky, 43, assistant to the editor of the Sunday Book Review section, where he worked for five years. He denied that he is now a Communist, but would not say if he had belonged to the party. He said that the *Times* had demanded and got his resignation.

¶ Samuel Weissman, 46, supervisor of indexers on the *Times Index*, a reference aid to its files. He denied present Communist Party membership.

¶ Matilda Landsman, 37, now a Linotype operator, who had worked as a stenographer in the news and Sunday departments and as secretary to Joseph Barnes, onetime editor of the defunct New York *Star*.

¶ Proofreader Jerry Zalph, 45.

¶ Proofreader Otto Albertson, 45.

Of the other five newsmen who appeared before the subcommittee, all but one took the Fifth Amendment. The five were:

¶ John T. McManus, 50, general manager of the Communist-line *National Guardian*, who worked for the *Times* from 1921 to 1937.

¶ James Aronson, 40, executive editor of the *National Guardian*, who worked for the *Times* in 1946-48.

¶ Richard O. Boyer, 52, free lancer who has contributed profiles to *The New Yorker* and also written for *The New Yorker*.

¶ William A. Price, 35, police reporter who has worked for the New York *Daily News* since 1940 except for 4½ years as a wartime Navy flyer. He refused to answer questions on Communist activities—or to take the Fifth. *Daily News* Executive Editor Richard Clarke promptly fired Price by telegram, charging that his conduct at the hearing had "destroyed [his] usefulness" to the *News*.

¶ Dan Mahoney, 38, a rewrite man who has worked for the New York *Daily Mirror* for nearly 22 years. He denied present membership in the party or that he had ever performed "any subversive act," but refused to testify whether he had ever been a Communist. Next day *Hearst's Mirror* fired Mahoney.

Full Coverage. The *Times* gave the hearings the kind of full, deadpan coverage its readers expect, letting the story run from 4 to 5½ columns a day. But on the editorial page it angrily attacked the Eastland subcommittee and Counsel Sourwine, a protégé of Nevada's late Senator Pat McCarran, with the kind of fighting words its readers rarely see. The editorial, "The Voice of a Free Press," brought

hundreds of letters from readers (8 to 1 in favor). Excerpts:

"It seems to us quite obvious that the Eastland investigation has been aimed with particular emphasis at the New York *Times* . . . It seems to us to be a further obvious conclusion that the *Times* has been singled out for this attack precisely because of the vigor of its opposition to many of the things for which Mr. Eastland, his colleague [Indiana Republican Senator William E.] Jenner and the subcommittee's counsel stand—that is, because we have condemned segregation in the Southern schools; because we have challenged the high-handed and abusive methods employed by various Congressional committees; because we have denounced McCarthyism and all its works; because we have attacked the narrow and bigoted restrictions of the McCarran Immigration Act; because we have criticized a 'security system' which conceals the accuser from his victim; because we have insisted that the true spirit of American democracy demands a scrupulous respect for the rights of even the lowliest individual, and a high standard of fair play."

The *Times* also stated that "we would not knowingly employ a Communist Party member in the news or editorial departments." As for former Communists, or employees who plead the Fifth Amendment "for reasons of their own," the *Times* said it would "judge each case on its own merits," taking into account the employee's job and how well he performs it. Said the *Times*: "We do not believe in the doctrine of irredeemable sin. We think it possible to atone through good performance for past error." At week's end, though the hearing transcript was still under scrutiny by its executives, the *Times* had made no further dismissals.

The blast against the Eastland subcommittee was hailed by newspapers around the U.S. The *Denver Post* called the hearings "The Big Floperoo" and a "puerile attempt . . . to smear the New York *Times*."

Would the subcommittee go on with its investigation of Communism in the U.S. press? Yes, said Senator Eastland. Would



ALDEN WHITMAN



RICHARD O. BOYER



DAN MAHONEY



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it investigate the Washington press corps? No, he quickly assured a questioner. Had the investigation shown any Communist effort to influence the content of any recognized metropolitan daily? Said Eastland: "No." But as the hearings ended, he and Senator Jenner maintained that the sessions had disclosed "a significant effort on the part of Communists to penetrate leading American newspapers." They added: "We feel confident that the American press will prove fully competent to deal with the problem in its own American way."

Life with Worker

As the new managing editor of the *Daily Worker* in 1934 (see above), one of James Glaser's first acts was to write a brief announcement of his shift from the *New York Times* to the *Worker*. When he picked up the *Worker* the next day, he was "shocked" to find "a completely different story" announcing that he would write a series of inside stories about graft and corruption on the *Times*.

Glaser rushed from office to office of party leaders to learn who had been changing the managing editor's copy. He was finally introduced to "Mr. Edwards, the representative from Moscow," who explained that the new version was necessary to assure readers that Glaser did not bear the taint of a capitalist paper and was really "tried and true." Glaser never gave in to the pressure to write such a series, but he saw a lot more of Mr. Edwards. He turned out to be Gerhart Eisler, who later became propaganda chief of the Communist East German government.

After working a five-day week on the capitalist *Times*, Glaser found that *Worker* workers were laboring six days, so he ordered a five-day week. Eisler vetoed the order. "He told me," explained Glaser, "that we couldn't delay the revolution for a day." It was Eisler who also ran the paper's editorial policy. Once the foreign editor, then Harry Gannes, turned in a story that revolution was imminent in France. "I hadn't heard of it," said Glaser, "and I asked Gannes where it came from. 'Comrade,' he said, 'This is the line.' 'Do you mean,' I said, 'that you just sat down and dreamed this up on the typewriter?' He said I shouldn't talk that way to a comrade." When Glaser killed the story, Eisler called him on the carpet and told him he "had insufficient political development and still had bourgeois traits."

Glaser found the *Worker* as inefficient as it was journalistically dishonest. Once he asked a copyboy for a cut of William Green, the late A.F.L. leader. After much searching, the cut was found filed under "P"—for "prominent labor fakery."

But the *Worker* always liked to accommodate its friends. Once a woman representing a Communist front came in to demand a front-page story on a money-raising women's bazaar—and with a banner headline, too. In his simple bourgeois way, Managing Editor Glaser scoffed: "You can't have an eight-column line on a bazaar." But, after Eisler intervened, that was just how the story ran.

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES

Wm Penn

WILLIAM PENN on freedom under government

*It is certain that the most
natural and human government
is that of consent, for that
binds freely . . . when men hold
their liberty by true obedience
to rules of their own making.*

(Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe, 1693)



Artist: Horace Paul

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA





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"In Just 45 Days, Steel Changed My Whole Approach to Farming"

An Ohio farmer tells a true story of losing five buildings in a fire. And what happened when he replaced them with steel Quonsets...



O. W. "Bud" Bridgman

those words more than almost anything. They really shake you up."

"My tenant phoned me at 10 a.m. that Sunday and exploded: 'The barn's on FIRE!'"

"When you're a farmer, you fear

Before volunteer firemen could come six miles from Plain City, Ohio, five buildings on the 360-acre farm of O. W. "Bud" Bridgman were a blazing inferno.

What Bridgman did

About four days after the fire, Bridgman called the local Quonset dealer, Paul V. Reed, in nearby London, Ohio.

Says Bridgman today:

"I'd read about steel Quonsets and

was convinced they could get me back in business quickly."

He was right. In just 45 days five new steel Quonset buildings—made by Stran-Steel Corporation—were erected *and in use*.

"And I can tell you now, there are many more advantages to my steel Quonsets," Bridgman says.

How steel works for him

"There just isn't anything you can



say against them. For one thing, I've got no more worries about fire. These steel Quonsets are really versatile, too. Do many jobs. They just about eliminate maintenance. Protect my crops. And do they save time and labor!"

Bridgman's steel Quonsets include a hay storage and self-feeding building, a beef cattle shelter, a combination ear corn and small grain drying and storage building, a machine storage building, and a garage and machinery repair and service center.

Quonsets are profit-makers

Bridgman says his hay storage and self-feeding Quonset, equipped with a movable manger, reduces labor. "When cattle are comfortable, and have hay before them all the time, they eat more. And that means more dollars when you take them to market."

"And with post-free construction it's easy to put up the hay, or to use the building for any number of farm jobs." Bridgman says that with his

grain-drying and storage Quonset he can harvest earlier and reduce the risk of bad weather. "With facilities to dry crops, we can store them—and control their moisture content perfectly—until the market is right for selling."

Reduce costs, too

With his Quonset machine storage shed, this steel-minded farmer finds equipment deterioration is reduced to a minimum. And his Quonset garage and workshop provides comfortable space for farm repair jobs (and an automobile and truck, too).

"I guess you'd sum it up this way," Bridgman says. "These steel Quonset buildings work for and work with a farmer. Their original cost was less than I expected, and what we gain in ease of operation and less labor makes a real savings."

National's role

Pioneered by Stran-Steel—a member of the family of National Steel Corporation—steel Quonset buildings are winning wide acceptance as an important "working tool" on the farm.

Stran-Steel buildings of varied types also are finding many new applications in industry and commerce.

Their strength, of course, is *steel*—America's great bargain metal. At National Steel it is our constant goal, through research and cooperation with our customers, to make better steels for the better products of America's industries.



THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

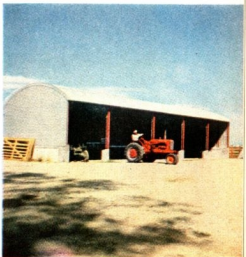
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NATIONAL STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY



Viewed from the beef cattle shelter is Bridgman's hay storage and self-feeding steel Quonset, equipped with movable manger for labor-saving feeding of Bridgman's stock.



With his combination ear corn and small grain drying and storage building, Bridgman stores crops and controls moisture until the market is exactly right for selling.



Bridgman's machine storage building reduces equipment deterioration to a minimum. Since Quonsets are made of *steel*, they end fire worries, and cut repair costs.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION
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DIAMOND silicates put stiff adhesive strength

between the many layers of a corrugated box. DIAMOND calcium carbonates make carton printing inks smooth flowing and rub-proof.

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Diamond Chemicals

EDUCATION

A Good Crusade

In the spring of 1949, a group of businessmen, publishers, labor and community leaders, with little more in common than a deep concern over the plight of U.S. public education, issued a simple statement that was both obvious and all too true. "There isn't much of a problem," said the group, "concerning what must be done to improve the schools. The problem is to get people to do it." Last week, as the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools prepared to dissolve itself, it could justly claim that never before had so many Americans been so eager to get into the fight.

The idea behind the commission was already six years old when its first members began to operate. In 1943, alarmed by the poor showing many G.I.s were making on various army tests, Harvard's President James Bryant Conant suggested to the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association that a dedicated band of prominent laymen would be of powerful help in solving the coming postwar educational problems. The educators took the advice, started a country-wide search for citizens who would be interested. The first man approached: President Roy E. Larsen of TIME Inc., who was later to be the commission's chairman.*

Translated Ideal. In his introduction to a new book about the commission—*How to Get Better Schools* by former LIFE Education Editor David B. Dreiman (Harper; \$3.50)—Chairman Larsen, son of a Canadian journalist, explains exactly why he took on the job: "To me, as a first-generation American, the public schools literally translated into reality the American ideal of equality of opportunity . . . When I learned—a scant 30 years after graduating from high school—that the schools were in trouble, I felt that I must do what I could to help." As Larsen had already found out, the schools were indeed in trouble. In 1949, 250,000 pupils were on split classroom shifts, and half of all those entering ninth grade in New York State alone were dropping out before finishing high school. The nation was short 450,000 classrooms and 150,000 elementary-school teachers.

As fulltime executive director, the commission hired Henry Toy Jr., a Du Pont executive who had started a citizens' council on education in Delaware. Toy began with a staff of eight in Manhattan. Though the commission had an advisory board of educators, it insisted that no

* Among the other charter members: Director Leo Perlis of the C.I.O. Community Services Committee; Mrs. Barry Bingham, vice president of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*; Economist Beardsley Ruml; President John Cowles of the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*; Pollster George Gallup; Mrs. Bruce Gould, co-editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*; Executive Director Lester Granger of the National Urban League; Pundit Walter Lippmann; Mrs. Eugene Meyer of the Washington Post.



Phillippe Holmsen
COMMISSION CHAIRMAN LARSEN
The how may become hypothetical.

member or staffer have any professional connection with education, religion or politics. Above all, it was to be a clearinghouse of information for whatever local citizens' groups already existed and an agency to guide and inspire new groups. It refused to champion any one educational line, would not associate itself with any professional organization.

For Better Communities. The U.S. soon began to feel the impact of the commission's work. It sponsored 28 re-

gional and national workshops, put out a monthly bulletin called *Citizens and Their Schools* and a successor monthly newspaper (*Better Schools*) which eventually had a circulation of 180,000. With the cooperation of the Advertising Council, it plastered its slogan, "Better Schools Make Better Communities," on billboards, books of matches, bread wrappers and license-plate tabs clear across the country. It answered up to 3,500 pieces of mail a month, sent out over the years 700,000 pieces of information. It published 15 handbooks on how to do everything from start a local citizens' group to the proper way to deal with newspapers ("Do not give a reporter a story and then say, 'This is off the record . . . ' Do not confuse the reporter or editor with the publisher . . . Do not check constantly with the editor. Frequent telephone calls asking when your story is going to be used could defeat your purpose").

In 1949, the commission found only 17 local citizens' groups in operation. A year later, there were 175, and by 1955 there were 2,500 working with the help of the commission. The number of statewide committees has jumped from nine to 34. The commission was one of the chief backers of the White House Conference on Education. But its most important accomplishment was to make education a national conversation topic. The number of articles on school affairs appearing in large-circulation magazines has gone up from 128 in 1949 to more than 400 last year. P.T.A. membership has doubled to almost 10 million.

Though it is ending its official career, the commission insists that its work has only begun. A council of at least 60 citizens, all of whom have served on local or state committees, will carry on. The council's biggest task, like that of the old commission, will be to keep the nation continually at war against the appalling deficit it is running in classrooms, equipment and teachers. "For if," says retiring Chairman Larsen, "we fail to meet the deficit, the problem of *how* we should educate may become largely a hypothetical one."

The Compromise

Since that cold Nov. 18 when she first showed up in her seventh-grade classroom wearing a pair of corduroy slacks, Shirley Richardson, 14, of Thompsonville, Conn., has been leading a lonely life. Principal Ernest White told her that slacks were against the rule, and that unless she returned to skirts, she would have to sit in a room by herself. Shirley's parents protested that as a result of an operation four years ago, Shirley's legs needed special protection against the cold. The principal asked to see a doctor's affidavit, but never got one. When the Richardson's lawyer appealed the case, the school board sided with Principal White. "But it's the parents' right," argued the Richardson's, as Shirley's ostracism continued, "to decide what to wear, not the principal or the school board's."

Last week, after more than a month of



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The costume can counter the blasts.

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DALE CARNEGIE COURSE
Harrison B. Taylor, Vice President

studying alone and being barred from most school activity, Shirley's ordeal came to an end. Her parents and school authorities hit upon a compromise that, if it did not put Shirley entirely at her ease, at least saved her health and the school's sense of propriety. Henceforth, as long as the wintry blasts blew, Shirley's costume would consist of slacks topped by a skirt.

Revolt of the Meek

The 70 delegates to the annual conference of the northwest area of Britain's National Association of Schoolmasters could scarcely contain themselves as the speaker from Lancaster ripped into the Minister of Education. Sir David Eccles, said the speaker, "has achieved the impossible. Alone and unaided and with consummate skill and genius, he has driven the meekest, mildest, most long-suffering body of men and women in the Western Hemisphere to revolt." The men and women in question were the schoolteachers of Britain. Their mood had never been more surly.

The cause of the fuss was Sir David's attempt to increase the teachers' Superannuation Account (pension fund) by \$840 million. The additional 1% salary levy he wanted to impose would cost the average teacher \$20 a year, and the schoolmasters felt that this was a cut they could ill afford. Their minimum paychecks, they pointed out, were already a good \$3 under the national average (\$26.46). "We are sunk so low," protested one Scotsman, "that our sacred profession . . . has become the subject of cheap political jokes and material for the cartoonist's wit."

As Sir David's proposals went to Parliament, the profession erupted. The National Union of Teachers asked its 220,000 members to cease taking care of students' contributions to the National Savings Committee. The National Association of Schoolmasters asked its members to vote on whether to cease all such extra services as supervising school meals and coaching sports. In Glasgow, 5,000 teachers walked out of their classrooms to attend mass protest meetings.

The cries for Sir David's scalp grew more and more shrill. The executive committee of the Educational Institute of Scotland demanded his resignation, and the schoolmasters of Leeds did the same. In Birmingham, a mass meeting of teachers recommended that all official functions attended by the Minister be boycotted.

Last week, in an effort to still the storm, Sir David issued a soothing statement urging local school authorities to hurry up and see whether they could give their teachers a raise. But no one expected that his gesture would have much effect. The meek were up in arms and on the verge of the biggest display of teacher defiance in British history. As a matter of fact, Sir David would probably be in the soup no matter what he decided to do. "If he showed himself in our staff room," said one teacher from Peterborough, "he would be lucky if he were not tarred and feathered on the spot."

MUSIC



DANCERS SEKI & SUNAGA IN JAPANESE "SWAN LAKE"
A hit on the ballet button.

Flower Opening

The latest step in Japan's Westernization is an *entree*. In Tokyo alone there are an estimated 600 ballet schools, where round-faced girls in soup-bowl haircuts and black leotards are stretching their bodies at exercise bars. On the sidelines most mothers nod approvingly, but some older Japanese nurse a suspicion that the strange movements will make the girls barren. Ballet movies are a sensation, and at least one of them (*Red Shoes*) started a teen-age craze for carrying ballet slippers, whether the owners were studying ballet or not. Dozens of school companies present productions whenever they can, while three big TV stations offer regular ballet shows. It has all the appearance of a fad, for Japan's own ancient, formalized dance tradition is as different from Western ballet as Kabuki is from burlesque. But underneath the surface is a foundation of serious interest.

Changing Muscles. Ballet first touched Japan in the '20s, made its mark with a tour by the late, swanlike Anna Pavlova, but Nippon stayed off its toes until after World War II. In 1946 the occupation forces blessed a performance of *Swan Lake*—all four acts of it—staged by a pickup Japanese troupe. It was headed by a tigerish young dancer named Masahide Komaki, who had studied ballet with Russian refugees. The production had a grand total of only 22 dancers (v. 64 for Sadler's Wells' *Swan Lake* today). Optimistically booked for one week, the show sold out for two; it hit Tokyo on the ballet button.

What followed has not been easy on Japanese muscles. For generations Japanese have knelt on *tatami* (matting), staggered under heavy loads, shuffled pigeon-toed to keep their wooden clogs from

slipping off. Many Japanese have thick thighs, knotty calves and short legs. But sturdiness of limb renders the Japanese dancers strong on point, and their natural determination makes for well-disciplined performers. And some observers have noted that the new generation's proportions are closer to the long-legged Western ideal.

The cultural hurdle has been even more imposing than the structural difficulties. Ballet plots, often obscure at their Occidental best, are even more obscure in Tokyo. Sample English-language ballet program notes of the *Fourth Symphony* (Tchaikovsky): "People of city and villages gathering for celebration of spring . . . A GIRL and her hero are among them. Something bad worries a GIRL. Her YOUNG MAN buys for her a small gift—'Sea Diabol' in small bottle. Girl likes this present and looks at it carefully. Suddenly small bottle drops out of her hands and is broken. SOMEBODY-IN-GREY appears on the spot and leads a GIRL to a BLACK FUTURE, while YOUNG MAN tries to get pieces of broken bottle . . ."

Fistic Assist. At 37, Dancer Komaki has made his troupe ("Le Ballet Komaki") the largest and best-disciplined in Japan, introduced some two dozen more or less standard Western ballets to the country, e.g., *Nutcracker*, *Coppelia*, *Petrushka*, *Lilac Garden*, and himself partnered visiting Star Nora Kaye.

Last week, while 2,600 spectators chewed on their *sembei* (rice crackers), the curtain rose on Tokyo's 1956 season with Komaki's production of *Swan Lake*. The settings were Nordic in an almond-eyed kind of way, with an Oriental fishing junk afloat in a futuristic fjord. But the dancing was more nearly up to Occidental snuff, with 19-year-old Masako Sunaga and 5 ft. 3 in. Naoto Seki prancing and soaring in nearly flawless technique as

Odetta and the prince, while slim Toshiko Saiga showed her Paris training in her warm and free movements as Odile.

Will Japan ever wholly succumb to Western ballet and give up its traditional dancing? Not likely, thinks another recent visitor, Ballerina Alexandra Danilova. "Our dance is like flower, open out this way," she says, assisting her Russian accent by opening out her fists. Then, closing them again, she added: "Japanese dance is like flower, closing up this way."

Alltime Hits

The entertainment trade sheet *Variety* each week decrees which pop songs are hits on the basis of surveys and polls. Last week it published its 4 lb. 1½ oz., 514-page 50th anniversary number, and tried something harder: picking the top hits of the half century. The list, chosen by Columnist Jim Walsh on the basis of originality, catchiness or sales figures: *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*, *School Days*, *Casey Jones*, *Down by the Old Mill Stream*, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *Alexander's Rag-time Band*, *I Want a Girl*, *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Over There* and *God Bless America*.

Clooudborne Cellist

Among musicians, cellists are known as incurable sentimentalists. This quality is half-humorously assumed, partly because of the tight-lipped, tear-laden whine the instrument so easily develops in its upper register, partly because of the overenthusiastic use of that register by romantic composers. One cellist who does not deserve the description is the Chicago Symphony's Budapest-born Janos Starker, 31, who is unsentimentally aware that he is one of the world's finest cellists.

He also knows why he gets so few chances to prove it to the public. "Concert managers tell you the cello is a



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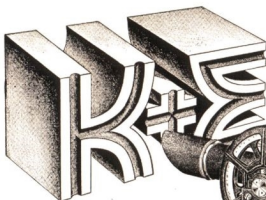
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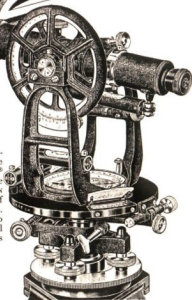
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little-liked instrument," he says. Then he explains: "The cello is about a century behind the violin. Paganini [1782-1840] was the turning point in the violin, 100 years before Pablo Casals [born 1876], who was the turning point in the cello." Those 100 years, Starker points out, enclose most of the great composers. Since they wrote relatively little music for the cello virtuoso, he reasons, the cello is an unfamiliar solo instrument to the public.

Tense & Silken. Moreover, Starker thinks, the instrument is not entirely familiar to the men who play it. "In cello playing, the accepted standards are lower than with the violin. Basic understanding of the instrument is not developed. Players may know how to go from one place to another, but not why it is difficult to do so, or how to do it better." To improve this situation, Cellist Starker hopes to start a professional school for string players, teaches cello privately, and travels among U.S. community orchestras as string consultant. Meanwhile, he plays solo whenever he gets the chance.

Last week, with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, Janos Starker played a piece that might reduce many a strong man to sentimentality—Schumann's *Cello Concerto*. Under the pale lights, Starker's sunken cheeks looked drained of blood as he bent to the romantic work, but he never bowed to its maudlin potentialities. His tone was neither too plump nor too lean, but pure, tense and silken. He sculpted the long, melodic lines precisely, restraining himself where a lesser musician might have whipped up some phony passion, then letting his instrument sing passionately, when passion was called for. Next day Critic Roger Detmer wrote in the *American* that Starker "has grown from an important cellist to an incomparable one," and the rest of the press gave echo.

Open & Informed. Cellist Starker has been called one of the greatest ever since he was 14. When he left Hungary after World War II ("I did not like the atmosphere"), other European critics also raved. After he reached the U.S. in 1948, he first landed a job with the Dallas Symphony and soon after with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. U.S. critics discovered his excellence on records (*Period*). He was the only principal player, Conductor Reiner, a fellow Hungarian, took with him when he moved from the Met to the Chicago Symphony three years ago.

Starker believes that the world might be more interested in the cello, and in music generally, if musicians were more interested in the world. In their big, bright apartment on Chicago's North Side, Starker and his pretty Hungarian-born wife hold perpetual open house; world affairs are as intensely discussed as music. Says he: "I try to keep informed. You don't get an idea of what the world is doing by staying in your room and practicing. I try to be contemporary. I have regard for what was done in the past, but I don't want to be a slave to traditions. I don't need the wild-haired clouds of the 19th century. I have my own clouds."

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RELIGION

New Patron Saint

Pope Pius XII named the Apostle Matthew (feast day; Sept. 21) patron saint of bookkeepers. He was a tax collector.

Temple of the Five Rooms

One of the biggest tourist attractions in California is a Mormon temple. Each day this week, some 5,000 to 8,000 visitors are walking through the brand-new Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to see the largest and most magnificent of the ten Mormon temples in the world.* On Feb. 18 the temple will be closed to repair the carpets and wipe out the finger smudges left by this invasion. After its dedication on March 11, the temple may be visited only by Mormons in good standing—and by these only after they put on white robes and slippers.

It cost \$6,000,000, stands on 25 acres and is 257 ft. high, topped by a golden statue of the Angel Moroni.† From 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. tourists are waved to parking spaces by white-coated attendants, then assembled in groups for a silent tour (no questions until afterward) of the huge building.

After listening to a recording which explains that the temple will not be used as a house of public worship but for ceremonies only, visitors see the baptismal font in the basement (stainless steel, supported, like the priests' washbasin in Solomon's Temple, by twelve brazen oxen). Then they visit the recorder's office, where

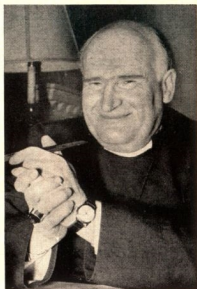
Mormons may look up the names of their ancestors to be baptized "for" them. They see the third floor Assembly Room (capacity: 2,600), and the marriage "sealing" rooms and a room for the instruction of brides. But most interesting is the second floor, containing the Five Rooms—a series of classrooms explaining the purpose of life, where we come from, what we are doing, where we are going."

No. 1 is the Creation Room—oval-shaped, with murals of the sun and moon. No. 2 is the Garden of Eden, "where," reads a sign, "Adam and Eve made their great decision." Next is the World Room, with murals inspired by Death Valley, which "represents the lone and dreary world, the testing ground." No. 4 is the Terrestrial Room, "fourth stage on the path to celestial glory, the step before entering the Celestial Kingdom." One of its walls opens onto the fifth room decorated as a luxurious sitting room, with well-upholstered chairs and settees, delicate murals and elaborate chandeliers. This represents the Celestial Kingdom itself, "where exalted man may dwell in the presence of God."

New York

A British public school named Repton (495 students) seems to be a stepping stone to the primacy of the Church of England. The last two Archbishops of Canterbury (William Temple and Geoffrey Francis Fisher) have been former headmasters of Repton. Last week Queen Elizabeth II named an old Reptonian to succeed the late Cyril Forster Garbett as Archbishop of York.

The Right Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey, Lord Bishop of Durham, was not an unexpected choice. His rise from curate of a Liverpool parish church in 1928 to bishop in 1952 was considered a rapid one; at 51 he is reputed to be one of the church's best public speakers, is known



ARCHBISHOP RAMSEY
From Repton, three.

Kemsley

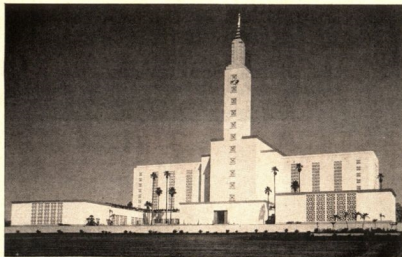
as a scholarly High-churchman with several books on theology to his credit. A Cambridge man, and son of a Cambridge don (a Congregationalist preacher whom he eventually confirmed in the Church of England), Ramsey has long been an outspoken opponent of divorce, was once looked upon by liberals as a threat to the ecumenical movement. But at last year's Convocation of York, he proved to be in favor of interchurch cooperation, was credited with helping along the successful measure to admit the Church of South India into closer communion with the Anglican Church.

As No. 2 man in the Church of England, white-haired, judiciously jowled Reptonian Ramsey may eventually succeed his former headmaster as No. 1.

The Singing of Solesmes

The Disciples followed the Last Supper with a hymn, and the early martyrs went singing into the arena to meet the lions; voices raised in praise and gladness have always been part of the Christian faith. But the sound is sometimes unholy. In modern times, Pope St. Pius X warned against the infiltration of profane music in his *Motu Proprio* (1903), followed by Pius XI in his *Divini Cultus* (1928). Last fall Chicago's Cardinal Stritch blacklisted such sentimental standbys as Schubert's *Ave Maria* and the Wagner and Mendelssohn wedding marches (TIME, Oct. 24).

Last week Roman Catholics could study the first full-dress encyclical on the subject in the church's history (title: *Musicae Sacrae Disciplina*). In it Pius XII held up as model for all devotional singing the "sacred Gregorian Chant . . . a precious treasure that must be carefully maintained and copiously shared with the Christian people." The Pope did not object to instrumental music or modern polyphonic compositions if their character is sacred. But if the "simple, even naive"



NEW MORMON TEMPLE AT LOS ANGELES
From No. 1 (Creation) to No. 5 (the Celestial Kingdom).

* The other nine are in Logan, Utah; Cardston, Alta., Canada; St. George, Utah; Manti, Utah; Mesa, Ariz.; Honolulu; Salt Lake City; Idaho Falls, Idaho; Bern, Switzerland.

† Who told Founder Joseph Smith in Manchester, N.Y. Sept. 21, 1823 about the golden tablets that held the fundamental tenets of Mormonism.

music of the Gregorian Chant is heard in all Catholic churches, wrote the Pope, "the faithful in every part of the world will feel these harmonies to be familiar, and almost homelike, thus experiencing with spiritual comfort the marvelous unity of the Church."

Penance for a Flat. Gregorian Chant, or plain song, is a flowing unaccompanied chant that originated in the Greek, Roman and Hebrew melodies used by the first Christians. Thousands of these chants were composed by unknown authors; according to tradition, it was not until the 6th century that they were collected and edited under St. Gregory the Great, who was Pope from 590 to 604. Gregorian Chant, the music of the church, was practically the only written music in Europe during the early Middle Ages, but with the Renaissance, a new flamboyance began to corrupt the ancient Latin prayer-songs. In the 19th century, the old Catholic music was saved, almost singlehanded, by the Abbey of Solesmes.

In 1833 a young French priest named Prosper Guéranger, with 40,000 borrowed francs, founded a Benedictine monastery in an abandoned, 11th century priory at the village of Solesmes in western France. "The principal concern of the brethren," he wrote, "will be the celebration of the divine office." First they set to work to find how the divine office should be celebrated. The result was the rediscovery of Gregorian plain song. And so compelling was the force of their meticulous research and meticulously conducted services that by the time Abbot Guéranger died in 1875, almost all the churches in France were following the liturgy of Solesmes.

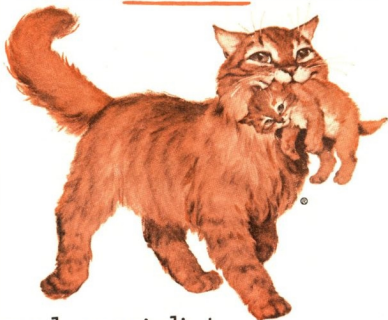
Today Solesmes is the recognized center of Catholic liturgical music. The monks have made recordings that are known around the world; choirmasters and music lovers look to the monastery as a place of pilgrimage. From Matins at 5:30 a.m. through Lauds, Prime, Mass, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline, the monks sing their way through each day, striving always for perfection. If one flats a note or stumbles over a word he falls to his knees in penance.

Better Chant, Better Prayer. The Vatican often calls on the monks of Solesmes to compose new church music in the traditional Gregorian style. When the dogma of the Assumption was proclaimed in 1950, it was Solesmes that produced the music for a new Assumption Day Mass. Last week the monks were hurrying to complete a revision of Holy Week liturgy that will be used this year in Roman Catholic churches.

But for all their musical eminence, the Benedictines of Solesmes remember that they are monks, not musicians. No one enters the monastery because he is interested in music; only a few have good voices—most are quite ordinary, and some actually bad. "Gregorian Chant, however beautiful we may judge it to be, is not merely an art," say the monks. "Our life is a life of prayer. The only reason we work for better chant is to produce better prayer."

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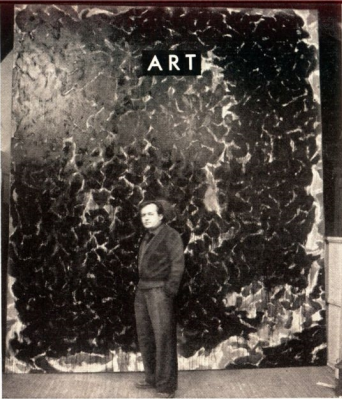


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New Talent

The hottest American painter in Paris these days is a 32-year-old Californian named Sam Francis, a husky ex-GI, who in the past five years has caused even palette-jaded Parisians to perk up. He has won raves for shows on both banks of the Seine, and Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, currently showing a Sam Francis painting among its new acquisitions, calls him "perhaps the best-known young American painter now working in Eu-

rope." Last week Sam Francis racked up another triumph. Museum Director Arnold Rudlinger of Basel's Kunsthalle, acting for a group of Swiss art collectors, plunked down 1,000,000 French francs (\$2,857) for Francis' latest abstract oil, a huge, 10 ft.-by-14 ft. canvas of swirling black forms, beneath which glow splotches of hot reds and yellows (see cut).

Intoxicated by Light. Sam Francis' ambitious specialty is nothing less than exploring the quality of light itself. "Not just the play of light and shadow," he

adds, "but the substance of which light is made. I'm intoxicated by light."

The idea first struck him when he landed in a U.S. Army hospital during World War II, following a spinal injury during flight training. Flat on his back in the hospital, he took up drawing and painting; the play of light on the ceiling became one of his favorite themes. Invalidated out of the Army, he gravitated into the orbit of San Francisco's abstract-expressionist movement, headed by Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still and David Park. Among Francis' student contemporaries: John Hultberg, 33, first prizewinner in last year's Corcoran Biennial (TIME, May 2 *et seq.*), and Lawrence Calcagno, 39 (TIME, Oct. 17).

Molecules of Color. Francis moved on to Paris in 1950 and set to work atomizing the structure of light. In most of Francis' canvases the results, brushed in with broad strokes (he uses a 4-in. brush), look like a jostling torrent of molecules of color. The effect Francis wants is to make his paintings "a source of light. When I paint I try to create the feeling of being in it." In Francis' latest work, even black paint rates as light. Francis sees no contradiction, points out that his black is "intense, glossy and luminous. It creates a feeling of being a source of light." Kunsthalle Director Rudlinger came to Francis' barnlike studio-apartment over a Left Bank neon-light factory, took one look and agreed. Said he: "If you're crazy enough to paint something like that, I'm crazy enough to buy it."

With his million franc windfall, Francis plans to finance a new studio and a trip to the U.S. And as his canvases get bigger and bigger, he is also intrigued by the thought of another project: "I'd like to buy one of those flying platforms they've just designed. Gosh, with one of those you could hover any place you wanted, and you could make 40-ft. brush strokes."

NEW ACQUISITION: VIRGINIA MUSEUM'S WATTEAU

VIRGINIANS who turn out next week for the festivities at Richmond's 20-year-old Virginia Museum of Fine Arts will find themselves in an 18th-century garden, strolling past a decorative fountain and wandering among shrubs and period statuary. In a gallery at the end of a vine-covered arbor, they will find the museum's guest of honor and newest pride: a small, gold-framed 12½-in.-by-9½-in. painting, *Le Lorgneur* or *The Sidelong Glance* (opposite), by famed 18th-century French painter Jean-Antoine Watteau. Filling the rest of the gallery will be a loan exhibition of some 50 paintings and drawings by such other 18th-century French painters as Pater, Lancret, Boucher and Fragonard, testimony to the fact that the tone of elegance and grace set by Watteau in his dreamlike scenes of pastoral dalliance and *fêtes galantes* continued straight through his century until the French Revolution.

Virginia Museum Director Leslie Cheek has no doubt that the museum's new Watteau will be a smash hit. Says he: "Virginians traditionally have a fondness for 18th-century decor and architecture." And in Watteau they are getting what Director Cheek calls "probably the most important work of art the Virginia Museum has ever acquired."

Artifice & Nature. Virginia's new Watteau dates from the period when he had first found his own formula for combining artifice with nature. For it was not in the mincing, grandiloquent French courtiers that Watteau found his prototypes but

from among the mocking, high-spirited, slapstick players of the Italian Commedia dell'Arte. By placing them against the superb park landscapes he sketched in and around Paris, Watteau created a half-make-believe world of his own that paid homage to nothing but his own poetic imagination.

By the time he painted *Le Lorgneur*, probably in 1716, Watteau was in his early 30s. Behind him lay an arduous apprenticeship to a Flemish painter in his native Valenciennes and his early struggles as a starving artist in Paris. Then two paintings of French army-camp scenes won him associate membership in the Royal Academy, and the greatest French collector of his time, Pierre Crozat, made room for Watteau in his own house.

Wrinkles in the Sky. In *Le Lorgneur* Watteau made use of his favorite technique of composition: he rifled through his countless drawings for characters to fit the scene. In this painting, the guitar player is his actor-friend Philippe Poisson. Ironically Watteau, who took great pains with his drawings, usually hurried his painting.

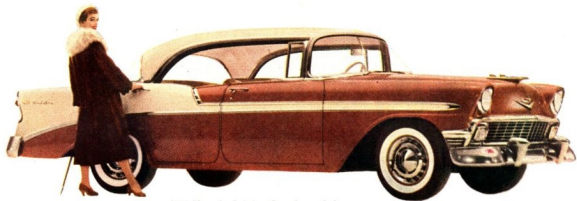
In *Le Lorgneur* the result was a slight wrinkling of the surface in the upper right-hand sky. But Watteau had good reason for haste. Suffering from tuberculosis, he was always in failing health. Once, asked about the future, he replied: "Isn't the hospital the last resort? There, no one is refused admission." Instead it was in a country house outside Paris, where he hoped the fresh air would cure him, that Watteau died at 37.



WATTEAU'S "THE SIDELONG GLANCE"

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THIS NEWEST and most popular of motor fashions is now offered by General Motors in '56 cars of every price class. And their dashing beauty is matched by equally thrilling advances in high-compression power in all five—coupled with even smoother, still more responsive Powerglide, Hydra-Matic and Dynaflo automatic drives. Plus extra-safety improvements like Power Brakes, Power Steering, Unisteel Bodies with double-locking door latches, safety-aim headlights and seat belts (optional) on every GM car. So in 1956, more than ever, your key to greater value is the key to a General Motors car.

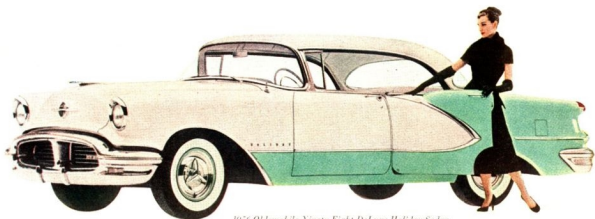


1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan



1956 Pontiac Star Chief 4-Door Catalina

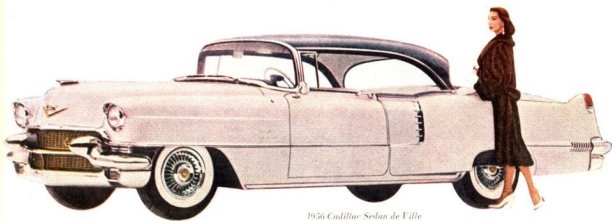
GENERAL M



1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Deluxe Holiday Sedan



1956 Buick Roadmaster 4-Door Riviera



1956 Cadillac Sedan de Ville

OTORS *leads the way*

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GMC TRUCK & COACH



TURN UP THE HEAT... more gas is on the way

1.7 BILLION cubic feet of natural gas!

That's what Tennessee Gas pipes daily to Eastern homes and industries. And still they call for more.

To meet that steadily increasing demand, we recently completed a thousand mile loop linking the New York City area to our expanding 9000 mile system.

Huge underground storage fields close to consuming markets further assure dependable supply during peak winter demand. In the gas-producing Southwest a reserve of 12 trillion cubic feet! And new reserves added each year.

More heat, America? Turn it up. Tennessee Gas can deliver.



Industry joins the homeowner in the swing to natural gas. More and more processes that require precise, easily controlled heat find the answer in this superior fuel.

TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY

AMERICA'S LEADING TRANSPORTER OF NATURAL GAS

HOUSTON, TEXAS



MEDICINE

Consultation on Ike

Do you think a man who has suffered a heart attack can be regarded as physically able to serve a term as President?

Based on what you have read about the nature of the President's illness, and assuming a normal convalescence in the next few months, do you think Mr. Eisenhower can be regarded as physically able to serve a second term?

These questions were contained in a circular sent to 470 U.S. heart specialists by an organization called the American Research Foundation of Princeton, N.J. Last week the American Medical Association indignantly advised doctors what to do with the questionnaires: throw them in the wastebasket, "to prevent the hysteria that such information could foment." Warned the A.M.A. in its weekly *Journal*: "If physicians answer them, the information could be used in almost any way to the disadvantage of the profession." The American Research Foundation turned out to be an affiliate of Benson and Benson Inc. of Princeton, a market opinion and consumer research organization. Benson and Benson said it had mailed the questionnaires for a client, but declined to identify him.

Not all heart specialists are as reticent as the A.M.A. wants them to be. Boston's Dr. Paul Dudley White, who has furnished detailed diagnostic descriptions of the President's condition, is on record as saying: "If the President has a good recovery . . . I would have no objection whatsoever to his running again."

Pent-Up Emotions

Katherine was determined that her marriage would not be like her parents': full of quarreling, bitterness and hostility. But a shotgun wedding tied her to a man who proved to be a rigid, demanding and critical husband. In order to keep peace, she had to defer to him in everything. While he worked, she sat home nursing the baby and her grievances.

Katherine threw herself into community activities. She became a compulsive eater, and over the years puffed herself up into a caricature of the professional clubwoman. Amid economic troubles, sexual discontent and her husband's surly behavior, she appeared affable and relaxed. But by 48, she had dangerously high blood pressure, recurrent states of depression and other disturbing symptoms.

In *Life Stress and Essential Hypertension*, Drs. Stewart Wolf, Philippe V. Cardon Jr., Edward M. Shepard and Harold G. Wolff, teachers of medicine and practicing physicians, bring together many of the elusive facts about Katherine's main trouble—a trouble shared by 6% of the U.S. population. Katherine suffered from essential hypertension, persistent high blood pressure without known cause.

Topics of Conflict. By studying hypertensive patients over a period of several years at New York Hospital and introduc-

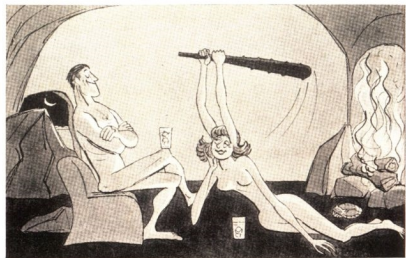
ing topics of conflict while recording their blood pressure, the authors confirmed what doctors have long believed: hypertension is closely related to underlying emotional disturbances. When Katherine's suppressed resentment finally exploded and she vented her temper on her husband, her blood pressure dropped sharply. After she divorced him and remarried, it became normal, and most of her other symptoms disappeared.

Bottled-up emotions seem to be the most common personality trait of hypertensive people. More women than men suffer from the disorder. Although often gentle and apparently easygoing, they are filled with aggressive drives that they tightly restrain because of a need to please. Inwardly tense and suspicious, they are "mobilized for combat, but do not engage in it against the pertinent adversary." Many of them suffer from migraine head-

elevated blood pressure in Dr. W. W. Keene, a Philadelphia physician who used one of the earliest blood-pressure recorders, he suggested a further examination. "Not necessary," said Dr. Keene. "What I lack in capacity to regulate my blood pressure, I make up in pertinacity." He lived to be 93.

Renewed Attack on Polio

As a blizzard swept over the peak of Vermont's Mount Mansfield one day last week, a woman in a wheelchair pulled the veil from a two-ton marble sculpture fashioned like a huge dime. With the dedication of the mountaintop sculpture, a monument to the victims of the U.S.'s first polio epidemic,⁹ the 1956 March of Dimes opened. There was the usual fanfare—the sort that has made Americans contribute more than three billion dimes since the drive began in 1938. But the 1956 kickoff was different: for the first time, the year was beginning with the certain knowledge that polio is on the run.



"MOMENT OF RARE UNDERSTANDING"
Explode and feel better.

Abner Dean

aches and other side symptoms. As children, they were frustrated and shy.

Will to Health. Doctors are not sure how hypertension gets started or how it can be cured. In its early stages, it is often ignored. Said one doctor: "The kindest thing to do when one discovers a patient with hypertension but no [obvious] symptoms is to keep the information to oneself." Damage to the overworked heart and degeneration in body cells may eventually follow. Then hypertension is frequently a killer.

Drug therapy, diets and even surgery have been used to relieve hypertension. But the knowledge that hypertension (and probably many other cardiovascular disorders) is closely tied to the emotions points to the most promising treatment yet: a cooperative relationship between patient and doctor aimed at lessening the patient's emotional difficulties. The patient's faith in himself may be an invaluable aid. When an associate discovered

Although polio suffered one of its periodic (and unexplainable) natural declines in the U.S. during 1955, doctors credited the Salk vaccine with causing a 25% drop in the number of polio cases among the 7,000,000 children who were vaccinated. It had this success despite distribution snafus and faulty vaccine batches. In 1956 the vaccine will be safer and, doctors hope, at least 80% effective in preventing paralytic polio. How will it reach the children?

Given & Bought. The U.S. Public Health Service allocates all available polio vaccine to states that request it (usually on the basis of the number of unvaccinated children and pregnant women). Each state decides how much of its total will be distributed free—from supplies bought

⁹ In Rutland County, Vt. in 1894, when more than 100 children were stricken. The woman in the wheelchair was 64-year-old Miss Sarah Jones, the only victim of the epidemic now alive.



You Pay Nothing for the most vital part of Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning

It's absolutely free of extra cost to you... the very element that makes the difference between a job that just *appears* to be adequate, and one that is really engineered to accomplish sound results. We refer to *Acousti-Celotex Sound Engineering Experience*... 30 years of noise-controlling tile installations that have solved thousands of sound conditioning problems in every city in America.

Complex calculations are needed to arrive at the solution of your noise problem. But the vital factor that guarantees the *correct* answer, permits of no error, is Acousti-Celotex experience. There's no substitute for it. And Acousti-Celotex has this experience *plus* a complete line of specialized acoustical materials to meet every job requirement, every building code.

The *need* for sound conditioning to arrest noise and improve working efficiency is widely recognized. Write Dept. TM-16 today for a Sound Conditioning Survey Chart that will bring you a *free* analysis of your particular noise problem.



ACOUSTI-CELOTEX
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
Sound Conditioning

THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED SOUND CONDITIONING MATERIALS
THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, 120 S. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILL.
In Canada: Dominion Sound Equipment, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec

with either federal or state funds—and how much can be sold through regular commercial channels. Distribution of free vaccine is generally left to local communities, which may give it in mass inoculations or through private physicians.

Most available vaccine will probably continue to be distributed free during 1956 (doctors usually charge a fee for administering the injections privately). Some states, e.g., Illinois and Colorado, have decided to freeze out commercial vaccine for the present, distribute their entire allotment free. Others are increasing their allotment of commercial vaccine. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which provided the free vaccine for first- and second-grade school children in 1955, has stopped distributing vaccine, although some of its vaccine is still being used. The Government's \$30 million vaccine grant to the states is available only until Feb. 15, but Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion Folsom says he will ask Congress to extend the deadline and appropriate additional funds (only \$8,000,000 of the grant has been used so far).

School & Office. The distribution of vaccine is progressively moving out of the schools into public-health clinics and the offices of general practitioners and pediatricians. Polio shots are being tied in with general immunization programs. Yet many parents are showing little initiative about having their children inoculated, despite doctors' pleas that now is the best time to do it. In Colorado, where 300,000 children still need shots, only about 35% of the free vaccine allotted to private physicians has been reported used. Demand is well below expectations in Georgia, where 700,000 children have yet to get their first shots. Parents have failed to take advantage of available vaccine in North Carolina to such an extent that the state may have to launch a campaign to move its vaccine. (Vaccine tends to lose its effectiveness after being stored for six months.)

Last week the Public Health Service announced that 45% of the vaccine that states have received under the Government's voluntary control plan has not been used. Public apathy is not the only reason: some states are stockpiling vaccine in order to have enough for mass inoculations later. The fact remains that, all over the U.S., parents are hesitating about the vaccine because they feel that the polio season is too far away or because they are still confused as a result of last year's vaccine fiascos.

Massachusetts, which had the worst polio year in its history in 1955 (3,900 cases), called a stop to public vaccination programs. But this week the Massachusetts State Poliomyelitis Advisory Committee is due to issue a report that, doctors believe, may clear the Salk vaccine of any blame in the epidemic and revive the state's vaccine program. With that report, and the stepping up of all vaccine programs in the months ahead, officials hope that public response will be better before the polio season approaches.

New Play in Manhattan

The *Great Sebastians* (by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse) are a pair of ham vaudevillians with a wobbly mind-reading act. They also find themselves in a wobbly situation, performing publicly in Communist Prague the day Jan Masaryk dies, and snappishly ordered to perform privately. But perhaps it should first be said that the Sebastians are played, in gay holiday style, by the Lunts. Otherwise, their being ordered by a Communist general to read the minds of his supper guests and their getting nastily involved in political intrigue might

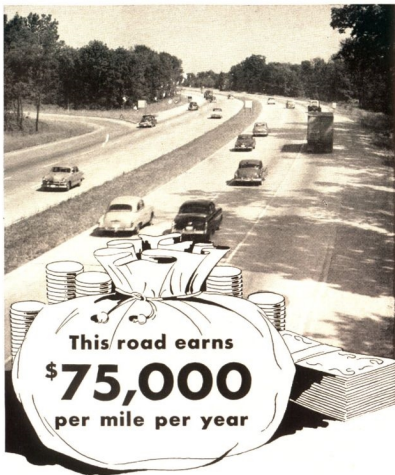


Bob Golby

ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE
Better billing than coining.

create an impression of something grim and arouse hopes of something gripping.

As it is, *The Great Sebastians* is not the least bit grim or gripping—only, now and then, rather ploddingly serious. In itself, in fact, Lindsay & Crouse's "melodramatic comedy" is chiefly a sequence of well-planned opportunities for the Lunts to display their past mastership at all the bright surfy wrinkles of their profession. If, in time, a blindfolded Lynn Fontanne can identify certain members of the audience, almost any blindfolded member of the audience could identify Actress Fontanne from a single coo. In *The Great Sebastians*, however, the Lunts' cooing counts for less than their billing: the show is liveliest when it is making fun of show folk, and the Lunts are most delightful when they are capering as hams. The plot also permits them their moments of deft heroics, and some nice dressing-room nonsense as well as drawing-room aplomb.



A road earning money? Absolutely—in the form of gas taxes and license fees you pay to drive on it. The more vehicle miles of traffic a road handles the more money it earns.

This concrete road is Edens Expressway north of Chicago. The section shown carries a daily average of 28,000 vehicles.

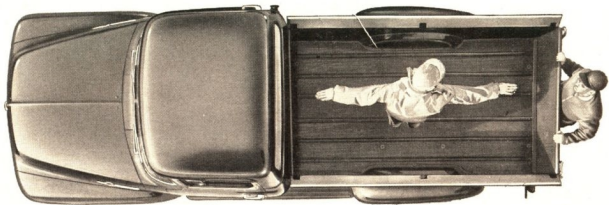
The number of vehicles traveling this road per day	28,000
Times the average vehicle tax per mile in Illinois	\$.0073
Equals this road's earnings per day per mile	\$204.40
Times the number of days in a year	365
Equals the annual earnings of this road per mile	\$74,606
Minus the annual cost to build and maintain such a road during its expected lifetime	\$15,000
Equals the annual net profit this road earns per mile	\$59,606

Concrete roads are the biggest money-makers because they attract the most traffic and have the longest life and lowest annual cost. Other pavements often fail to earn their building and maintenance cost. This drain on available funds leaves less and less for new highway construction.

To motorists, who pay for highways, this is an important reason why all main roads should be paved with concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION, 33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work



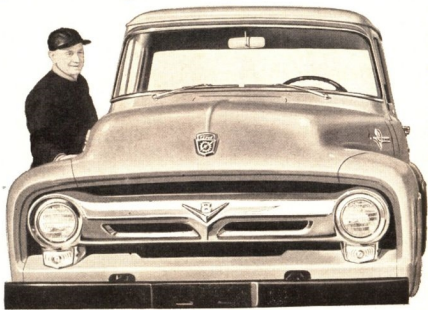
Any way you look at it—
Ford gives you the most

Most Power! New '56 Ford gives you more horsepower per dollar than any other Pickup truck. Choice of 167-hp. Y-8 or 133-hp. Six, both Short Stroke.

Most Capacity! Biggest box in the half-ton field! New Ford 8-ft. box on 118-in. wheel base (optional at small extra cost) offers up to 19 cu. ft. more capacity than other half-ton Pickups.

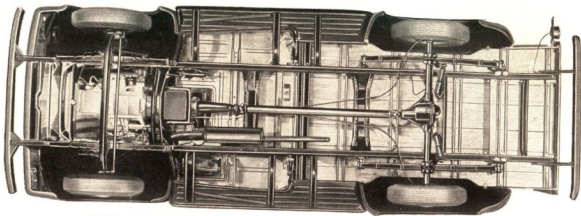
Most Safety Features! Only Ford Trucks offer a Life-guard steering wheel and Life-guard door latches (standard equipment). Seat belts are also available at low, extra cost.

Most Comfort! New cab! It's DRIVERIZED! Only Ford has it! New wrap-around windshield with built-in visor. Exclusive seat shock snubbers . . . Custom Cab (available at worth-while extra cost) has 14 luxury features including 5-inch foam rubber seats.



Compare it! Compare it with *any* other Pickup, and you'll see why you get the most Pickup truck for your money in a new Ford for '56.

Compare *power* and *capacity*. You'll find the new Ford Pickup gives you more horsepower per dollar than any other Pickup (based on comparison of net horsepower with suggested list price). Ford's new



Bird's-eye view (left) shows the extra capacity you get in the new 8-ft. box now available on Ford half-ton trucks. *Worm's-eye view* (above) shows the

rugged truck construction throughout, with wide-tread front axle, rugged parallel rail frame, tubular-type drive line and husky hypoid rear axle.

Pickup truck for your money



8-ft. box offers more cu.-ft. capacity than any other Pickup in the 5,000-lb. G.V.W. class (6½-ft. Pickup box standard on 110-in. wheel base).

Compare *safety* and *comfort*. Ford gives you Lifeguard safety features available in no other truck. For comfort, the new Ford cab is in a class by itself. It's DRIVERIZED! Only Ford has it!

Only Ford gives you Lifeguard Safety Features!



New Deep-Center Lifeguard steering wheel helps protect driver from the steering column.



New Lifeguard latches for doors add protection against doors jarring open on impact.

The driving treat that can soon pay for itself... FORDOMATIC

Fordomatic ends clutch repairs... cuts maintenance costs... acts as a "shock absorber" for the power train. Fordomatic makes driving easier. Also helps trade-in value. (Available at worthwhile extra cost.)



36 Ford Economy Trucks

STATE OF BUSINESS

Onward

The first of the New Year's financial reports trickled in last week, and the statements added still more color to the economy's bloom. Across the U.S., big bankers found record earnings. With plentiful credit and steady repayments, Manhattan's First National City Bank reported net earnings of \$42 million for 1955, 26% better than 1954; Manufacturers Trust (earnings: \$16 million), Chemical Corn Exchange (\$17 million), Guaranty Trust (\$24 million) were all up from 10% to 29%. But California's huge Bank of America, the world's biggest private bank, had the biggest profit of all. It went into 1956 with resources of \$9.7 billion, earnings of \$66 million, both at all-time peaks. Another record-breaker: Armour & Co., after a slump in 1954, pushed to a \$10.1 million profit in 1955 for a 549% gain.

For the future, businessmen were still expansion-minded. Despite an expected downturn in home construction, the Associated General Contractors of America forecast a new \$60 billion record in construction of all kinds for 1956. With increasing steel shortages, two more companies—Sharon Steel and National Steel—announced upwards of \$200 million in expansion plans to add another 1,320,000 tons of capacity. In aviation, National Airlines, which has already ordered six pure-jet Douglas DC-8s, took another step into the new air age with a \$46 million order for 20 new 415-m.p.h. Lockheed Electra turboprop transports.

RAILROADS

The Aerotrain

For U.S. railroads, hauling passengers is an expensive proposition: it runs them into the red by some \$700 million yearly. Last week the nation's No. 1 automaker showed off an air-conditioned train that could put the money-losing passenger lines back in the black.

On one exhibition run, General Motors' 400-passenger Aerotrain streaked over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Washington to Philadelphia in two hours—as fast as the crack Congressional Limited. The same day, another Aerotrain rolled out of Chicago over the tracks of the New York Central and highballed 284 miles to Detroit in four hours, an hour better than the fastest passenger express. Even more impressive than its speed is the Aerotrain's low operating cost. For the Chicago-Detroit run, fuel cost only \$18, about one-fourth the costs of a conventional train. G.M. engineers estimate that the Aerotrain can be operated 80% loaded, at fares of 2¢ a mile (present coach fare: 2.53¢ a mile) and show a profit.

No plush-lined Cadillac of the rails, the Aerotrain was designed more like a stripped-down Chevy. The 40-passenger coach weighs only 16 tons, v. 65 tons for an 80-passenger conventional coach. Construction costs were kept down by using G.M. components already in production, e.g., coach side panels and air bellows suspension were lifted from the bus G.M. makes for Greyhound. Result: the entire ten-coach train and engine can be mass-produced for an estimated \$600,000, v. \$1,700,000 for a conventional train.

G.M. even looked ahead to maintenance costs. It believes that railroads should stop spending \$70,000 every six years to overhaul a coach. For far less, G.M. could sell the railroad a new coach, install it on the old wheels in 1½ hours.

Whether G.M. will go into the passenger-car business depends on how the train tests out on the New York Central, Pennsylvania and a long list of other railroads waiting to try it out on regular passenger runs. But G.M.'s Vice President (for Electro-Motive Division) Nelson C. Dezendorf is confident that G.M. can sell its newest product. Says he: "If we can build a railroad car to sell at half the price of present cars, and be operated at half the price, and be maintained at less than half the price, that's good for the railroads and good for G.M. too."



GENERAL MOTORS' AEROTRAIN

What's good for the railroads can be good for G.M.



Associated Press

U.S. TRUST'S SHOEMAKE
A dying man opened the door.

INSURANCE

Scandal in Texas (Contd.)

In a Houston high-school auditorium, 350 depositors in Texas' U.S. Trust & Guaranty met in an angry mood last week. They were gathered to discuss ways to get back the savings they lost when Albert Benton Shoemaker brought U.S. Trust down into bankruptcy (TIME, Dec. 26). In the middle of the meeting, a speaker interrupted with a surprise announcement: Insurance Man Shoemaker had just shot himself. Bitterly, some of the audience broke into vengeful applause.

Shoemaker, 59, was discovered by a neighbor who rang a doorbell of the palatial Shoemaker home in Waco to find out why the insurance man had not kept a dinner date. Shoemaker staggered to the door, his body streaming with blood, a bullet hole through his head. The green carpet of his bedroom was soaked with blood, which trailed into the kitchen, where the gas jets of a stove had been opened. An ambulance rushed him to the hospital, still alive but incoherent.

Alone in the house for several hours before the shooting, Shoemaker wrote two suicide notes. To his wife he said: "The only thing I have done wrong is to try to build a business. As you know, I have no money to defend myself, and I cannot go on embarrassing you day by day." In another, unaddressed note he said simply: "Call the justice of the peace."

Texans learned that Shoemaker had taken out a \$1,000,000 policy on his life in May 1954 with Los Angeles' Occidental Life Insurance Co.; U.S. Trust & Guaranty was named the beneficiary. But the depositors he bilked saw little hope that they would benefit from the million-dollar policy. The exact conditions of the policy are still to be settled legally, but chances are that it will be automatically cancelled in case of a suicide verdict.

TIME, JANUARY 16, 1956

Case Histories

Even before Insurance Promoter Albert Shoemaker shot himself last week (see above), Texas was shaken by a new series of scandals in its insurance business, the state's second biggest (after oil). Items:

¶ **Dallas' All-American Home Lloyds**, in the red by some \$235,000, was thrown into receivership by the Texas Attorney General. Three other companies—American Atlas Life Insurance Co., Dallas Fire & Casualty Co. and U.S. Life Insurance Co.—had their licenses suspended because their officers were "unworthy." One of the three, U.S. Life Insurance, was controlled by Shoemaker.

¶ Before a state senate investigating committee, an ex-attorney for the Texas Insurance Commission testified that his superiors knew U.S. Trust & Guaranty was insolvent 18 months before they shut it down. While the commission debated what to do, more than \$5,000,000 of its assets disappeared.

¶ State auditors working over U.S. Trust & Guaranty's books discovered that the company had paid out as legal fees \$4,800 to the law firm of State Senator Rogers Kelley, \$500 to Senator Kilmer Corbin, other sums to Senator Carlos Ashley and to Senator Jep Fuller, and had retained State Representative Bert McDaniel as counsel. (Kelley and Corbin both said they did not know that their firms were being paid by U.S. Trust & Guaranty.)

¶ Texas Insurance Commission Chief Examiner Larry W. Blanchard, his deputy Robert Butler and two other examiners were suspended on charges that they falsified an official report of the financial status of General American Casualty Co., which went broke last year. Blanchard and Butler were accused of having permitted General American to entertain them at deer hunts. Examiner William J. Noad of having accepted \$135 from General American to pay his rent.

Judging an Agent. There was plenty more to the General American case. In a suit to recover \$6,640,000 for 57,000 creditors, policyholders and stockholders, the state accused the company of buying political influence in Kentucky. When Kentucky Insurance Commissioner S. H. Goebel indicated two years ago that he would investigate General American's operations in his state, General American Director Connie C. Schuchard went to Kentucky and, charged the suit, "hired John A. Keck, a district judge of the state . . . and Wade Hall, an insurance man, to exert their political influence in order to prevent Commissioner Goebel from making said examination . . . For their fraudulent acts . . . Keck was to be paid \$100 per month by General American and Keck and Hall were both given a . . . territory in Kentucky . . . from which they were to obtain . . . a percentage of all the business written by General American."

ATOMIC PLANE ENGINE has been getting air tests in the Southwest for the past month, the Air Force announced. Though the nuclear engine is not powering the plane, Convair has installed powerplant components in a B-36 at Fort Worth, is taking them aloft to study weight and radiation problems.

PRICE CUTS are spreading in appliance lines. After cutting appliance prices as much as 30% recently, General Electric will also give up its nationwide practice of "suggesting" retail prices on its TV sets to dealers. Competitor McGraw Electric is also giving more ground, will cut its bestselling Toastermaster 10%.

FLOOD INSURANCE may be tried under a \$3 billion Administration plan presented to Congress. President Eisenhower wants the U.S. and the states to help individuals buy insurance otherwise unavailable from private firms. Householders and storekeepers will pay 60% of the premium, with the Government and the state splitting the rest. Top damage claim: \$250,000 per person.

AUTOMATIC WAGE HIKES will go to a record 2,750,000 U.S. workers in 1956, says the Labor Department. Under long-term contracts designed to assure labor peace, 1,500,000 auto, farm machinery and electrical workers will get another 6¢ per hour; 850,000 transport and construction workers will get \$4 to 11¢ more, and John L. Lewis' miners 80¢.

AUTO TROUBLES in Britain are hitting the industry hard. With high taxes and skidding sales, so many cars are piling up that both Austin and Rootes Motors (Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot) are cutting back production, putting workers on a four-day week.

SMALL-BUSINESS MEN will get a solid boost from the U.S. Government. Under a new "limited loan participation plan," split 75%-25% between the Small Business Adminis-

The Kentucky investigation never came off. Keck, Hall and Goebel all denied that political pressure was used to block any investigation, but Keck admitted that he and a General American officer had gone to see Goebel "about some difficulties the company was having."

Easy Credit Plan. General American President C. B. Erwin and his officers, the state charged in its suit, also engaged in "year-end window dressing" to make their annual reports look better. One device was to go to the company's bank and get a big loan for one week, show it as an asset on deposit; another was to post-date a check to another company in exchange for a check that could be immediately deposited as a cash asset.

At week's end Garland Smith, who headed the insurance commission while the failures multiplied, stepped aside and

tration and the borrower's local bank, even the smallest shopkeeper will be eligible for loans up to \$15,000 plus a share from his bank for modernization and expansion. Heretofore, the problem of assessing the fixtures and inventory such stores usually offered as security was too complicated for the Government to handle. Now the banks will take on the job.

PARTNERSHIP POWER is making big strides in the Northwest. In a pair of reciprocal contracts Seattle's privately owned Puget Sound Power & Light Co. has agreed to sell the Chelan County Public Utility District its interest in the Rocky Island Dam and power plant near Wenatchee, Wash. for \$28,300,000 and half its 250,000 kw. power output. In return, Puget Sound will get a 50% interest in 644,000 kw. of new power, which will be turned out by the P.U.D.'s projected \$250 million Rocky Reach Dam to be built, will help by putting up \$1½ million to complete the engineering work.

LEOPOLD SILBERSTEIN, who built Penn-Texas Corp. into a \$100 million empire (TIME, Oct. 3), is moving in on Fairbanks, Morse & Co. (1954 sales: \$108 million). Silberstein will buy up to 15% interest (180,000 shares) in the Midwest industrial-equipment maker for an estimated \$6,000,000, but insists that he will not start a proxy fight, merely ask for "representation on the board." Silberstein would have a tough time winning control anyway; The Morse family and the company management own some 30% of the company's voting stock.

LAS VEGAS BOOM is losing some of its glitter. High entertainment costs (up to \$50,000 weekly for a top star) and disappointing business have forced the \$5,000,000 Royal Nevada to shut down, the second hotel to fold in three months. One other, the Dunes, reports financial troubles, while three more new hotels abounding—the Tropicana, Lady Luck and Stardust—are still not finished.

turned the chair over to Lawyer J. Byron Saunders. The commission decided to recruit some 2,000 certified public accountants to check the books of every one of the 1,400 insurance companies with home offices in Texas.

OIL & GAS

Houston to Atlantic

In the past two years, one of the fastest performers on the New York Stock Exchange has been middle-sized Houston Oil, which has climbed from 65 to 135. The big reason for the climb was a persistent rumor that the company would be bought up at a fat price by one of the oil giants. Last week rumor became fact. Houston Oil announced that, subject to stockholder approval, it was selling all its holdings for \$224,654,265, or \$165 per

THE FOUNDATIONS

How to Spend Money to Save Money

THE Ford Foundation's allocation of \$500 million in charitable grants to education and medicine climaxed a year in which U.S. charitable foundations handed out or committed almost \$1 billion, a record total nearly doubling the 1954 figure. The prime reason for all this lavish giving was that high taxes make generosity an inexpensive proposition. The effect of taxes on charity was succinctly explained by New York Welfare Commissioner Henry L. McCarthy: "You have to spend money to save money." One of the best ways to do both, as an increasing number of businessmen and corporations are finding out, is to set up a charitable foundation or trust.

In the first decade of the 20th century, only 16 foundations were set up. Since then, as income and inheritance taxes have climbed, the number of foundations has soared to 7,300, estimates the American Foundations Information Service. Not only is the number increasing at the rate of 200 foundations a year, but the makeup has greatly changed. Of the 260 foundations born between 1900-29, 50% had assets of more than \$1,000,000 or were able to give grants of more than \$50,000 a year. Of those formed in the 1950s, 80% have had assets of less than \$1,000,000. Hundreds of small businessmen and small companies have entered a field once dominated by tycoons and corporate giants.

The legal requirements for setting up a foundation are simple. To get a tax exemption from the Internal Revenue Service, a foundation must be incorporated under state laws or federal charter, must be administered by trustees and must have charitable purposes. The purposes can be broad or narrow. The Carnegie Corporation has the broad purpose of promoting "the advancement and diffusion of knowledge." The Esso Education Foundation, set up last year, follows a new business trend of giving aid to schools. But some foundations have such narrow purposes that the trustees have trouble spending the money. A Boston hospital was given a fund to provide wooden legs for Civil War veterans; another philanthropist left \$2,000,000 to care for the daughters of men killed while working on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

While handing money out to daughters of the Pennsylvanians and others in need, foundations pay back their founders in many ways. A foundation not only gives its donor an outlet for generosity but saves him much of the annoyance of being solicited by a multitude of

charities. It also helps him slide into a lower tax bracket. An individual may deduct up to 20% of his taxable income for payments into a foundation; a corporation may deduct 5%. In some cases, the saving in taxes almost equals the cost of philanthropy. A foundation can also be used, as was the Ford Foundation, to help a family retain control of a company, or to promote a pet idea, e.g., the Odlum-Cochran Foundation spends some of its money on psychic research, a hobby of financier Floyd Odlum's wife. From a businessman's point of view, probably the most important byproduct of a foundation is the good will created for a company.

It is not even necessary to set up a foundation to reap benefits from the foundation idea. Some businessmen set up charitable trusts, which are small brothers to foundations, and easier to establish. A trust need not be incorporated, yet enjoys the same tax-free status as foundations.

In the tax-spurred rush to squeeze savings out of foundations and trusts, some companies and individuals have worked out some ingenious gimmicks. In the 1940s, Textron's President Royal Little had his charitable trust borrow money to buy a textile mill, which it then sold to Textron; in this way, the company used the trust's mountain of capital to better its credit position. Numbers of companies sold their plants to foundations, then rented them back. Since the foundation's income was tax-exempt, it charged extremely low rentals. Other foundations paid a big share of assets in officers' salaries. One ended a year with \$501 in assets and a record of \$39,370 in expenditures, \$11,000 of which went to the trustees. In 1950, Congress put a stop to most of these border-line schemes.

In 1954, when Congressman B. Carroll Reece headed a probe into foundation activities, he found comparatively little illegality. All told, the Reece Committee estimated the total assets of foundations at \$7.5 billion—and still growing fast. As foundations become bigger business, there will probably be more Reece Committees and more federal regulation. Many of the big foundations, anxious to keep their business respected, favor tighter controls. The Rockefeller Foundation, said President Dean Rusk to the Reece Committee, wants "full publicity for foundation activities and an increase in the manpower of the Internal Revenue Service to enable it to watch these activities more closely."

share for its 1,361,541 outstanding shares. Atlantic Refining Co., 13th largest U.S. oil company, will take over all Houston's gas and oil properties (leases on 696,638 acres of oil lands), a daily output of 17,000 bbls. of oil, another 450 million cu. ft. of natural gas, plus the Houston Pipe Line Co., which feeds natural gas into Gulf cities through a 715-mile pipeline. TIME Inc. owns 11% of Houston Oil's stock and is joint owner with Houston of the East Texas Pulp and Paper Co. TIME is negotiating to buy 100% of the East Texas Co., which operates a \$33 million pulp-and-paper mill (sulphate pulp and paperboard), and Houston's Southwestern Settlement and Development Corp., which owns 585,000 acres of timberland to supply the mill.

MINING

Life in the Desert

Two years ago the San Pedro Valley desert east of Arizona's Santa Catalina Mountains was inhabited by little more than coyotes and cactus. But after Magma Copper Co. proved up the nation's biggest copper deposit beneath the San Pedro Valley floor, the face of the desert changed. Earth movers terraced the rimrock into 1,500 homesites, bulldozers crunched over thousands of acres to carve out winding avenues, parks, shopping centers, a community swimming pool for the new town of San Manuel (TIME COLOR PAGES, July 25). To house Magma's workers, Builder Del Webb put house construction on a 29-day foundation-to-finish schedule, moved in ten new families daily. Working three shifts, seven days a week, some 2,500 construction workers fitted together a \$43 million ore-crushing mill and smelter. Across the rugged hills more workers laid out a 4,200-ft. landing strip, a new highway, a 30-mile, \$7,500,000 railroad to the Southern Pacific's spur at Hayden. Last week, six months ahead of schedule, the first trickle of molten copper came out of the huge San Manuel smelter.

When San Manuel hits full production, perhaps by midsummer, it will process 30,000 tons of ore daily and yield 70,000 tons of copper yearly, plus 3,000 tons of molybdenum as a byproduct. Thus Magma, which has only one other smelter (at Superior, Ariz.), will boost its total copper production to almost 100,000 tons yearly, jump from sixth to third place among U.S. producers (after Kennecott and Phelps Dodge). At peak production San Manuel will expand U.S. copper output by 8%, molybdenum by 16%.

To get San Manuel into operation, the Government gave Magma a strong helping hand: a \$94 million loan from the RFC, fast tax write-offs on plant and railroad, and a price prop at 24¢ a lb. With copper now selling at 43¢ a lb., Magma's rough-and-ready President Wesley P. Goss had plenty of reason to fire up San Manuel ahead of schedule. Says he: "When you have more than \$100 million tied up, you are interested in getting into production as quickly as possible and getting some of those dollars back."

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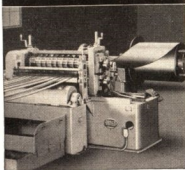


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SLITTING LINES

SHOW BUSINESS

Coup for Teleradio

Gasped Hollywood's *Daily Variety*: "The most amazing coup in the history of the film business." The cause of *Variety*'s amazement was a large and lightning-quick profit turned for General Teleradio, Inc. by its canny President Thomas F. O'Neil.

Groundwork for the coup was laid six months ago, when Teleradio (subsidiary of General Tire & Rubber Co.) paid Industrialist Howard Hughes \$25 million for RKO Radio Pictures and RKO's well-stocked film library (TIME, Aug. 1, 1955). In December, O'Neil got back more than half the investment by selling television and foreign rights on 740 feature-length movies, almost all RKO owns, and some 1,000 short films to Manhattan's C&C Super Corp. C&C paid \$12.2 million in cash and agreed to pay \$3,000,000 more over the next two years. Last week O'Neil climaxed the coup with a \$12 million flourish. He sold two unreleased films, *Jet Pilot* and *The Conqueror*, back to Howard Hughes himself for \$8,000,000 cash and about \$4,000,000 in future payments. (Hughes also bought back *The Outlaw*, for an additional undisclosed sum.) Teleradio thus emerges with a virtually assured cash profit of \$2,300,000 on its investment in barely half a year. Since it has sold nothing but films, it has, in effect, got the RKO studios and distribution system for nothing.

This should lead to still more profit: Teleradio plans to make 17 feature films this year. To cap Teleradio's triumph, the Federal Communications Commission has approved its merger with RKO to form a new company, RKO Teleradio Pictures, Inc. The result: a single company that owns the nation's biggest radio network (570 outlets), six television stations and moviemaking facilities as well.

AUTOS

Sporting Life

With a sales eye out for the sports-car buff, Chrysler last week brought out four souped-up models of its regular lines:

The 300B, a new version of last year's 300, which won the 1955 national stock-car association championship averaging 127 m.p.h. With two four-barrel carburetors and a 9:1 compression ratio, the 300B engine is rated at 340 h.p., 40 h.p. more than last year, making it the highest-powered production-line model in the industry. Price: \$3,997.

The Fury, which uses basically the same shell as the two-door Plymouth hardtop, but is an inch lower and has a 240 h.p. V-8 engine, instead of the regular 200 h.p. engine.

The Dodge "500", with heavier springs and shock absorbers than standard models, plus a lower body and an engine developing 260 h.p. (v. 200 in standard models). Price: \$2,599 for the hardtop; \$2,276 for the sedan.

The De Soto Adventurer, a low-slung two-door hardtop which will develop



CHRYSLER PLAINSMAN



CHEVROLET CORVETTE



PLYMOUTH FURY
Three for the money.

320 h.p. against the standard 255 h.p. Chrysler's other entry of the week: an experimental two-door station wagon, the Plainsman, featuring a rear "observation car" seat, facing backwards, so that its two passengers see not where the car is going, but where it has been.

Chevrolet this week brought out a new model of its Corvette in an attempt to overtake Ford's Thunderbird, which outdistanced all competitors with 16,000 units in 1955. The 1956 Corvette still sports a plastic body, but boosted horsepower 15% to 225 h.p. Optional: a power-operated top and a floor-mounted manual shift (instead of Powerglide).

RETAIL TRADE

The Singing Grocer

As ice tinkled and dancers swayed on New Year's Eve at Broglie's, a nightclub in Kingston, N.Y., the bandleader sang:

*Yes, we have no bananas,
We have no bananas today.
We've string beans and onions
Cabbages and scallions . . .*

Cracked Club Owner Lee Broglie: "That's his only plug for the grocery business." The bandleader, billed on holiday and weekend nights as Jimmy Cullen, is known on weekdays as James Aloysius Cullen, president of the grocery company credited with originating the modern supermarket: Long Island's thriving, 25-store King Cullen chain.

Bandleader Cullen's musical night life is a direct outgrowth of his days in the su-



Best way to put up ceiling tile: Use a Bostitch T5-8 Tacker with Bostitch 9/16" or 1/2" staples. Press nose of tacker firmly into cove formed by tile flange. Squeeze the lever. You can drive three staples 4" apart in about three seconds and go on to next tile. You never mar the face of the tiles, and you can wear gloves to keep them clean.



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Infra Insulation, Inc.	makers of Infra Multiple Aluminum Thermal Insulation.
Minnesota & Ontario Paper Company	makers of Insulite Tile Board, Plank, and Interior Board.
National Gypsum Company	makers of Gold Bond Insulation Board Products and Rock Wool Insulation.
Reynolds Metals Company	makers of Reynolds Reflective Aluminum Insulation.
United States Gypsum Company	makers of Twin-Tile, Panel-Tile, Quietone, Auditone, USG Insulation Plank, and Red Top Insulating Wool.
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permarkets' tin-can alleys. Music is more than a hobby to him; it is a medicine concocted to relieve the nerve-snapping tensions of running a big business. At one time the strain pulled Cullen apart, and turned him into an alcoholic. When his father Mike (the original King Cullen) died in 1936, virtually the whole weight of the family-owned enterprise fell on 24-year-old Jimmy. King Mike had been a man of tough fiber and massive drive; he had put together a 15-store supermarket chain in six years. Says Jimmy Cullen: "Everybody expected me to be like him, follow in his footsteps. But I didn't have it. I started drinking; it made me feel like I could handle anything. I kept drinking more and more, and then I couldn't stop."

Young Cullen, unable to carry on his business, went for help to Alcoholics Anonymous, finally put himself under the care of a psychiatrist, who told him to find

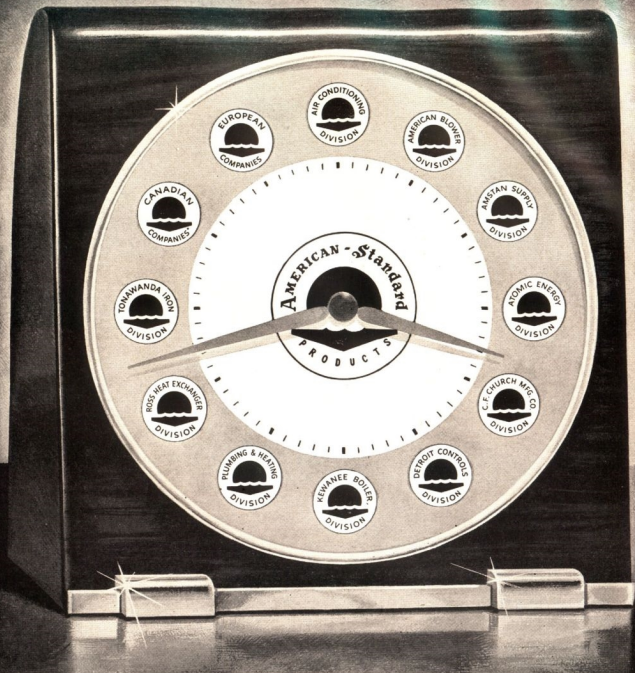


Tommy Webber

STOREKEEPER CULLEN
Jimmy by night, King by day.

a hobby. Cullen had always liked music, so he started "fooling around with it again." He signed up a drummer, bass man and accordion player (Cullen sings and plays flute, clarinet and tenor sax), and began to play at nightspots and parties near his home in Great Neck, L.I.

When Cullen returned to his stores, he put a bottle of whisky under his desk "so I'd always have the choice before me." He got to like his desk. The King Cullen chain's yearly gross sales when he took over again were running at about \$7,000,000. Cullen made changes: he turned the vegetable and bakery sections into integral parts of the stores instead of independent concessions, expanded the meat departments ("Before, we just tolerated meat"). He closed unprofitable stores, opened new ones and boosted gross sales to \$30 million. As the 25th and newest King Cullen store (in Farmingdale, L.I.) swung into full operation, Jimmy Cullen was already making plans for eight more.



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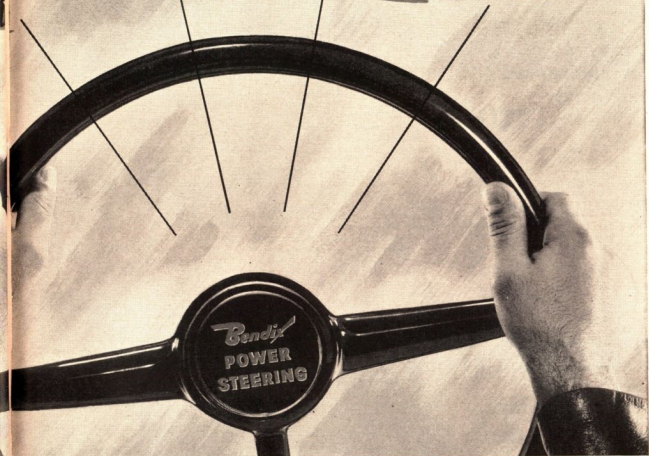
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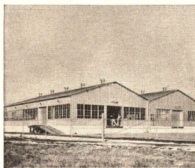
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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Busy Air

¶ The Russians boasted that by the end of this year they will have twelve TV stations and 2,000,000 sets. Current figures for the U.S.: 436 TV stations, 34 million sets.

¶ CBS Radio swept the boards in the latest Nielsen audience ratings. The score: CBS has all 25 of the top 25 daytime shows and eight out of the first ten once-a-week evening shows.

The Week in Review

In default of entertainment, television last week was giving away more money than ever before. CBS unveiled a new giveaway, *Do You Trust Your Wife?*, a money-tosser that has nearly as many M.C.s (Edgar Bergen and three of his dummies) as it does contestants (three married couples). The show is filmed—and filmed badly. Large blisters of light kept glaring on and off during the 30 minutes, seemingly timed to the excessive applause of the well-trained studio audience. The winning contestants: Robert and Roberta Hickey, parents of eleven children, who won \$100 a week for a year when Roberta proved able to think of more states ending in "a" than either of her rivals. This week the Hickeys will be given the chance of competing for another \$5,200.

The \$64,000 Question, the Louis Cowan show with Emcee Hal March, is miles ahead of its competitors both in audience popularity and in the vital area of "human interest." Currently, the show is starring Mabel Morris, an aged (she admits to 75), sassy Dickensian expert who has intelligence, impressive knowledge of her special field, and a fetching voice quaver not unlike that of Ed Wynn. Newspaper reporters last week helped along the show's publicity by revealing that Mabel is on relief in Manhattan and that some \$6,000 of her winnings will have to go toward clearing up her indebtedness to the city.

Other giveaway programs keep hoping that they will get to the top, too, if they just scatter enough loot along the way. NBC's *The Big Surprise* is still offering the biggest jackpot of all (\$100,000) and still failing to get a jackpot-sized audience. CBS's *Money That Time* has upped its ante to \$25,000 without sensationally upping its rating, and ABC's Bert Parks loudly claims some sort of primacy for having dispersed "more than \$5,000,000" over the years on *Stop the Music* and *Break the Bank* ("the granddaddy of all giveaways"). Even a few non-giveaway shows are elbowing into the act: ABC's *Lawrence Welk Show*—which is usually devoted to sugary waltzes—last month arranged for four lucky contestants to receive a new Dodge each year for the rest of their lives.

Other quiz-show producers have decided that money isn't everything, and are putting their chips down on funny-



MABEL MORRIS & M.C. MARCH
A quaver from Ed Wynn.

men whose questions to contestants are incidental to their jokes. Groucho Marx has a commanding lead in this division. His closest rivals are the venerable *What's My Line?*, *I've Got a Secret* (offering three comics: Garry Moore, Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan), and *Two for the Money*, which depends on the synthetic Hoosierisms of Herb Shriner.

At week's end, CBS—which already has twice as many quiz shows as any other network—gave further evidence of its faith in the potency of unrelated bits of knowledge by announcing the revival of still another Louis Cowan show, *Quiz Kids*, with a new set of child prodigies under the fatherly wing of Clifton Fadiman, 51, who learned his trade on such question-&-answer shows as *Information, Please* and *This Is Show Business*.

The Promised Land

In public speeches, TV executives love to dwell on a golden future when audiences will eagerly absorb great cultural programs, and sponsors will rush to pay for them. To prove that they are at least surveying the road to this promised land, the networks every now and then hire a well-known litterateur to act as intellectual trail-blazer. Three years ago, NBC joyfully announced the hiring of Pulitzer Prizewinning Dramatist Robert Sherwood. Nothing much came of it. Last week CBS hired another Pulitzer Prizewinner, Dramatist Sidney (Men in White, Detective Story) Kingsley, to be its resident cultural genius.

Freedom to Explore. Kingsley, 49, has all the necessary qualifications—enthusiasm, bubbling confidence, and a disarm-

ing naïveté. "I don't quite know why CBS hired me," he says frankly. "It's a strange contract and gives me freedom to explore the whole field of television. I'm going to urge CBS to encourage the finest minds, the finest talents, to work for this medium." As for the medium itself: "There's been nothing like it since Gutenberg's invention of typesetting. I think it's going to set the intellectual and spiritual climate in this country for the next 20 years—the next 1,000 years."

Specifically, Kingsley has promised CBS five Spectaculars in the next five years, but he will also do serious "thinking" about TV problems and will suggest ideas for special projects: "I intend to develop the magical quality of TV, the things it can do technically that it hasn't begun to touch. Man's earliest dreams were allied to the idea of seeing on the walls of his cave a vision of something as it happens. And where realism is called for, I'm going to try and get good realism. I want more truthfulness in the execution of scenes and more truthfulness in the way people behave."

From CBS's point of view, Kingsley's attitude toward current television is not revolutionary. He likes to watch fights, Jackie Gleason and Ed Sullivan—which, happily, are all on CBS. He is impressed by the dramatic shows, and feels that quiz programs are only doing "what has been done since time immemorial: rewarding people for their knowledge." Because of TV's enormous potential for both good and evil, Kingsley thinks that it would be almost criminal for any major artist to ignore it: "The influence of TV can shape an election; thus it can shape the fate of the nation. We mustn't be snobbish about television."

First Love. Kingsley, who won his Pulitzer Award with his first play (*Men in White*) only five years after graduating from Cornell, will not let his new-



Martha Holmes

SIDNEY KINGSLEY
A warning from Billy Rose.

TIME, JANUARY 16, 1956

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found passion for TV keep him away from Broadway: "The theater is the Tiffany of the industry and will always be my first love. In fact, I won't do any serious thinking about TV until I've finished the play I'm working on now—a contemporary tragedy. I imagine my first TV offering will be a rewrite of one of my old plays, perhaps *Dead End*."

In guiding TV toward its promised Golden Age, Kingsley may accomplish wonders. But so far, the industry has lumbered like a Juggernaut over imported outsiders who have sought to give it purpose and direction. Billy Rose, another veteran showman, who served for 18 months as a highly paid NBC consultant, last week sounded a warning for Kingsley: "It was a very pleasant time and very lucrative. I was consulted now and then and wrote a few reports. But what actually happened is what generally happens when a person merely talks. Nothing. I can't think of any more idiotic occupation than that of a TV consultant."

Program Preview

For week starting Wednesday, Jan. 11. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews H. V. Kaltenborn and Actress Carol Channing.

Ford Star Jubilee (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Noel Coward in his *Blithe Spirit*, with Lauren Bacall, Claudette Colbert.

NBC Opera Theater (Sun. 3:30 p.m., NBC). Mozart's *The Magic Flute*.

The Chevy Chase (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Dinah Shore, Marcel Marceau.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Pons, Valentino, Peerce.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Music of Ravel and Debussy.

Mitch Miller Show (Sun. 9:05 p.m., CBS). With Maurice Chevalier.

MILESTONES

Married. Gregory Peck, 40, lanky, Lincolnesque cinemactor (*Roman Holiday*); and Veronique Passani, 22, half-Russian, half-Corsican Parisian newshen; 10 hours after his twelve-year-old marriage (three children) finally ended in divorce; in Lompoc, Calif.

Died. Ralph S. Damon, 58, president of Trans World Airlines; of pneumonia, in Mineola, N.Y. Energetic, inquisitive Harvardman ('18) Damon learned to fly before he learned to drive a car, was an air cadet in World War I, put the famed P-47 Thunderbolt into mass production in World War II. Air travelers are indebted to Damon for helping develop 1) the first all-sleeper transport plane, and 2) low-cost tourist travel on both domestic and international lines.

Died. Christopher La Farge, 58, novelist (*The Sudden Guest*) and poet; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Providence.

Died. Dr. Joseph Wirth, 76, Chancellor of two German governments (1921 and 1922), signer of the German-Russian friendship pact at Rapallo in 1922, winner of the Stalin Peace Prize for 1955; of a heart ailment; in Freiburg, Germany.

Died. Sir James Hamet Dunn, 81, Canadian financier; of a heart ailment; in St. Andrews, N.B. As a young lawyer, Dunn edged his way into corporate financing, was soon selling up to \$10 million worth of securities a day and pocketing daily commissions up to \$60,000. U.S. Banker Otto Kahn called him "a greater financier than all of us." Britain awarded him a baronetcy (one of the few hereditary titles ever given a Canadian) for his World War I services in halting shipments of neutral nickel to Germany. In 1932, by investing a mere \$8,000,000 in its de-

pressed bonds, Dunn got control of Canada's \$75 million Algoma Steel Corp., eventually parlayed the value of Algoma's stock from \$7 to \$375 a share.

Died. Mistinguett, née Jeanne Bourgeois, 82, French musicomedienne; in Bougival, a suburb of Paris. With her foghorn voice, perky Parisian personality and famed legs ("*les plus belles jambes de France*," allegedly insured for \$3 million), "Mees" rose from flower girl to become the most luminous star of the French music hall of her time. The peak of her long career came early in the century when she played at the Folies-Bergère, the Casino de Paris, the Moulin Rouge, made famous the song *Mon Homme*, and made an international hit of the apache dance, which she did with Maurice Chevalier ("He was more than just a partner. He was my whole life"). Through all the glitter of her days of fame, she held on to her native French *bon sens*, acquired a heap of cash, a mound of jewels, three big houses and a limpid philosophy: "I love money. Not just to spend. I like to keep it—wash my hands in it."

Died. George H. Doran, 86, who rose from a \$2-a-week bookstore clerk to become co-publisher of the old Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., one of the world's biggest book publishers; in Toronto. A publisher with a mind of his own, Doran refused to publish D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* on moral grounds, was allegedly called a coward by John Dos Passos for censoring his *Three Soldiers* before publishing it. Training a jaundiced eye on postwar bestsellers, Doran once said: "Can't say I think much of 'em. Trashy, dirty stuff. . . . No spiritual force, no moral fiber. Great Scott, I'm no Victorian prude. But a publisher has to draw the line somewhere."

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The Winner

The bitter battle was over. Marilyn Monroe, a 5 ft. 5½ in. blonde weighing in at 118 alluringly distributed pounds, had brought to its knees mighty 20th Century-Fox, one of Hollywood's biggest corporations.

It all came to a head a year ago. Fox wanted to type Marilyn once again as an emptyheaded, wriggle-hipped blonde in *How to Be Very, Very Popular*. Complaining that she was being miscast, and could fill a dramatic role as well as a satin sheath, Marilyn walked out. Fox promptly took her off the payroll.

Off to Manhattan flounced Marilyn. She incorporated herself while skeptics snickered. She studied "to improve myself" under Director Lee Strasberg at Manhattan's Actors' Studio. She caused near-riots when she appeared at Broadway openings.

Last week as the battle ended, the clear winner was Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. (President: M. Monroe). Her contract called for her to do four movies for Fox in the next seven years, gave her approval of directors. It permitted her to do any outside movies, plays or TV appearances she chooses. Next month Marilyn will head back to Hollywood to start her first movie under the new contract. She will play an emptyheaded, wriggle-hipped blonde, but with acting possibilities, in an adaptation of William Inge's Broadway hit *Bus Stop* (a Monroe-approved play), directed by Josh Logan (a Monroe-approved director).

The New Pictures

Diane (M-G-M). Diane de Poitiers (1499-1566) was one of the greatest of Frenchwomen. "She animated a century," says a French biographer. "She created a style." A woman of rare beauty, she was the mistress of a king (Henry II) 20 years her junior, and held his love until he died. In a day when woman's place was in the home, she ruled France well and wisely for more than a decade (1547-59). A patroness of the arts, she was the muse of Jean Goujon, whose finest statue is a portrait of Diane as Diana, and of Ronsard, who wrote for her some of his best-loved lines.

No wonder, with such a large and subtle character to play, that the studio hired a gifted novelist, Christopher Isherwood, to write the script for this picture. No wonder that expense was damned in the effort to make settings splendid and costumes rich, and all authentic to the period in the least detail. By all that literary art and cinematic craft could do, the way was prepared for the heroine of history, and suddenly, in a sputter of high heels and a clatter of false eyelashes, she arrives on the scene—the most cultivated woman of the French Renaissance: Lana Turner.

Some even more improbable things happen—among them Roger Moore, who as Henry II invariably wears the expression



Associated Press

MARILYN MONROE
Wriggle overcame niggle.

of a peevish raisin. For a time, the spectator is able to identify himself with the plight of Henry, who is said to be in mortal danger from a frightful bore. As things turn out, the script is not referring to Lana—just some wild pig. So the boar goes, but the gore bores, and the only consolation is offered by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who is all dressed up like a wizard and looks sorry he did it, even for all that money. "What will be," says Sir Cedric mysteriously, "will be."

It's a Dog's Life (M-G-M) is what the wise guys are calling "a bow-wow wow" of a motion picture. Based on *The Bar Sinister*, a famous dog story by Richard Hard-



ACTOR GWENN & WILDFIRE
Worth overcame birth.

ing Davis, it is in fact as nice to have around as any bright young pup, and though it officially belongs to children, their parents will undoubtedly be giving it a run when the young ones are in bed. The hero of this waggish tale is a pit bull, called Wildfire in the film as in the life, who looks like a mournfully overgrown white mouse, and will certainly win all hearts with his chewed ears, string tail and general stigma of mutt.

Wildfire is the result of something that should not have happened between a champion bull terrier and a certain low-born bitch who made her living on the streets, and the picture tells how his worth overcame his birth. Put to the pits by a greedy master (Jeff Richards), Wildfire fights his way to the championship of the Bowery before he is overmatched with a bigger dog, and left on the floor half dead. A kindly groom (Edmund Gwenn) takes him home to a rich man's stables, and thereafter, in due process of fate, the wharf rat whips his haughty old man at the big dog show, redeems his poor old mother from poverty and disgrace, and finds romance with the richest female in town. A dog's life? Maybe not, but it's a thoroughly entertaining one, and moviegoers of whatever age will not be inclined to look such a good-natured gift dog in the mouth.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Night My Number Came Up. Thirteen people are caught in a dream that starts to come true: a low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave, George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

The Man with the Golden Arm. Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film, gets the year's loudest laughs as she demonstrates why Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 19).

Umberto D. A man walks the plank of old age, and the Italian realist cinema dies with a gentle curse; Vittorio De Sica's most careful film (TIME, Dec. 12).

Guys and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beauty, but Sam made the prints too long (TIME, Nov. 14).

The Big Knife. Clifford Odets gums away at some sour grapes, and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino (TIME, Oct. 24).

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Triumph! A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (TIME, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A gloved kid of TV; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).



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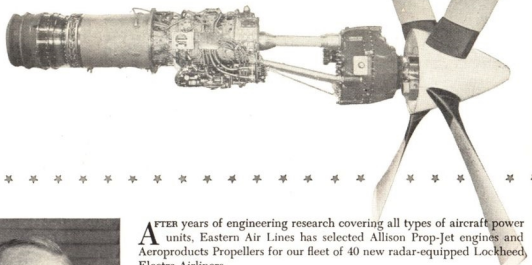
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Fate of a Hero

FREEDOM OR DEATH (433 pp.)—Nikos Kazantzakis—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

"Captain Michales gnashed his teeth." With this flat opening sentence, Greek novelist Nikos Kazantzakis introduces his third memorable novel to reach U.S. readers in as many years. A pagan demiurge named Zorba goat-footed the Dionysian against Zorba the Greek. In *The Greek Passion*, the peasant Manolios renounced the Crucifixion as it might have happened in a 1920 Anatolian village. Captain Michales of *Freedom or Death* is a citizen soldier-patriot burning to set late 19th century Crete free from Turkish rule. These three heroes have nothing in common but the Kazantzakis touch—a gift for catching a man in mid-passion and life at full flood.

Set amid the massacres of 1889, *Freedom or Death* is a historical novel, but scarcely of the sort U.S. readers usually encounter. The first law of popular American historical is that history is made in bed. Kazantzakis prefers to write the kind of history that is made among God, man and the devil.

Prometheus Bound. Proud of race and place, Captain Michales is a Prometheus bound who prays to God but worships his native Crete. His unsmiling face is a sword set against the Turk. He can spread two fingers in a wine glass and shatter it; his words are blunt, plain and few. He goes on broody, Homeric, eight-day binges, but "wine could never bring him down." It is clear, as his horse's hoofs strike sparks from the streets, that he is riding for a more classic fall—the fall caused by hubris, the overweening pride of the Greek tragic hero.

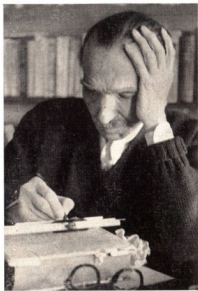
In his headlong pride, Captain Michales, singlehanded, routs a band of Turkish agas (military overlords) from their favorite coffeehouse. For this scandal, a handsome, virile Turk named Nuri Bey takes revenge by killing Captain Michales' brother. But the brother, with the last dying thrust of his dagger, emasculates Nuri Bey. The unmaning of the Turk would scarcely disturb Captain Michales, except that Nuri Bey's wife, an almond-eyed Circassian beauty, is already in his blood as if he had drunk a love potion. Captain Michales smother his desire, but smolders over his comrade-in-arms, Captain Polyxigis, who does not.

In the meantime, Michales' teen-age nephew has killed Nuri Bey's nephew, and the Turko-Cretan blood bath has begun. Kazantzakis is not one to blink the horrors of war. Eyes are gouged, heads are lopped, women are raped, priests are lynched, villages are burned.

The Fields of Praise. Among modern writers, Kazantzakis is a unique literary alchemist. As a master mythologizer, he constructs a plot not unlike an old-fashioned American western, and then fills it with a strange power and plausibility.

But if he holds his readers, it is because he gives his characters, even in the midst of death, a rage to live. Sky and sea, bread and honey, woman and song, all are celebrated on "the fields of praise." Lying with his paramour, Captain Polyxigis thinks: "There's nothing in this world above to equal woman." A young Greek asks Captain Michales' centenary father: "How has life seemed to you during those hundred years, Grandfather?" "Like a glass of cool water, my child," replies the old man, "And are you still thirsty, Grandfather?" "The graybeard raised his hand . . . 'Woe to him,' he cried in a loud voice, as though he were pronouncing a curse, 'woe to him who has slaked his thirst!'"

For Captain Michales himself there is



Abramovici

NOVELIST KAZANTZAKIS

In the midst of death, a rage to live.

only one thirst more unslakable than life—freedom—and at novel's end, he dies trying to quench it.

Novelist Kazantzakis, who was born in Crete 70 years ago, feels understandably close to Captain Michales, whom he modeled directly on his father. Says he: "Every line in this novel is authentic fact." His father's name was Michales. Father was a prosperous Cretan merchant who skirmished with the Turks, wore black clothes and let his beard grow as a sign of mourning over the loss of Greek freedom. Though Nikos Kazantzakis was only four years old at the time, the massacres of 1889 are branded vividly on his mind: "Each morning on my way to school I had to pass near a tree where the Turks used to hang Cretan patriots. The first time I saw a corpse dangling from the tree I was almost sick with fright. He was half nude, his greenish tongue stuck out from an open mouth and he smelled very bad. As I tried to turn away, father took

me by the hand and ordered me to 'keep my eyes open.' Father forced me to approach the dead man and to touch his cold foot. Tremblingly I obeyed. Then father said: 'This man died for freedom.'"

33,333 Lines. Nikos grew up to study law in Athens and philosophy in Paris. Returning to Greece in 1914, he published the first of his nine novels. He has traveled in Spain, Russia, England, Egypt, China and Japan, and written books on all of them, together with philosophical treatises on Nietzsche and Bergson, ten plays centering on such figures as Christ, Ulysses and Julian the Apostate, and his own 33,333 line *Odyssey*, which begins where Homer's leaves off.

For the past eight years, he has lived at Antibes, France, a lean, soldierly man who rises promptly at 6 a.m. for a two-hour walk before breakfast and surprises the Riviera crowd by never setting foot in the local bistros. For the past three years, Kazantzakis has been a front-running candidate for the Nobel Prize. Like Italian playwright Luigi Pirandello, a past Nobel winner, and Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset, he is far from the operatic Mediterranean type; with them, he shares a dry, windy brilliance of mind. Under the harsh sun of Crete, neither brooding Teutonic mysticism nor romantic self-deceptions can survive. The pages of a Kazantzakis novel reveal the secret of ancient Greek greatness—a ruthless and abiding taste for reality.

Hindu Marjorie

AMRITA (283 pp.)—R. Praver Jhabvala—Norton (\$3.50).

Amrita Chakravarty is a Hindu Marjorie Morningstar. She has a job with a touch of glamour—announcer on a New Delhi radio station. She is up to her coiled black coiffure in a venture even more advanced and emancipated than a radio career, i.e., picking her own boy friend and would-be husband. The man she thinks she loves is Hari Sahni, a fellow announcer with a neat little Clark Gable mustache. But Mama Chakravarty, like Mama Morgenstern, has no intention of letting her daughter marry a no-good. A widow, she marches Amrita straight off to stern old grandpa for a verbal rattanning: "I have enquired into the young man's family. The result was not satisfactory."

Far from killing the romance, this edit merely makes Amrita and Hari hold hands tighter in the corridors of the radio station. What finally loosens the young lovers' grip, and how, takes up the rest of this first novel. It also gives 28-year-old Novelist R. Praver Jhabvala, Polish wife of a Hindu architect and a resident of India for the past five years, her chance to fashion a deft comedy of manners and values. Allowing for an Indian sea change, her moral is essentially Herman Wouk's—that one's cultural heritage is not a vise but a virtue.

In love with love, Amrita and Hari see only what they want to in each other. With her B.A. degree, Amrita thinks of untutored Hari as a simple, unspooled sort



*His slow-moving shipments drove Smedley to bed
With chills and hot fever and pains in his head.*



*Now Smedley's the picture of vigor and vim—
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who should eat with his fingers. To be
worthy of her upper-class favors, Hari
struggles manfully with a knife and fork
instead and stifles his burps.

Quite by accident, Hari meets Sushila,
a dark, big-boned, full-breasted girl with
tumbling black hair ("A real Punjabi
beauty," clucks his aunt). Soon the mar-
riage-broker mills are grinding, and Hari,
as he almost admits to himself, is secretly
relieved. Amrita's clan also starts mak-
ing other arrangements. Still spouting de-
fiance and undying love, Amrita and Hari
find that the sight of each other is not a
stab at the heart but a pain in the neck.
At novel's end, Hari is leading Sushila
seven times around the ritual wedding fire,
and Amrita is in seventh heaven over an
"England-returned" Bengali intellectual.

Author Jhabvala gets comic sparks out
of the cultural short circuits when East
plugs in on West, e.g., a professor bent on
art criticism ("His use of green for trees
is especially remarkable"). Best of all,
everyday life bustles through the pages of
Amrita with all the clatter, chatter and
haggling delight of an Eastern bazaar.

A Day at the Circus

CAT MAN (310 pp.)—Edward Hoag-
land—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.75).

Reading this novel about circus life is
a little like lifting a splendid rug and
finding that unspeakable things have been
swept under it. In this case the sweepings
are human beings. Author Hoagland, a
young Harvardman now serving in the
Army, has written a first novel that falls
far short of real consequence, but is alive
with very real people and very real ani-
mals. It makes the circus world itself
as startling and brutal as the sudden roar
of a lion at five yards.

Author Hoagland does not deal with
the gay and colorful spectacle that can
be observed by the dazzled ticketholders.
His hero is a young alcoholic who has
hit the end of the trail, takes a job help-
ing to feed and look after the "cats"—
the lions, tigers and leopards. From the
first he is called "Fiddler," because it has
been so long since he had the price of a
haircut. Down-and-out that he is, he
still has enough fundamental decency in
him to be shocked by the human delirics
who do most of the work of the circus.
Here is a collection of winos as far re-
moved from John Steinbeck's amiable
guzzlers as Skid Row is from café society,
and much more believable. Sick, filthy
and brutal, they see in the circus a last
chance to earn the price of a bottle.
White or black, they are driven by a
tough core of boss men who see that the
circus gets set up, that the animals are
fed, that the whole complicated, split-
second job of keeping the show on the
road is done at whatever human price.

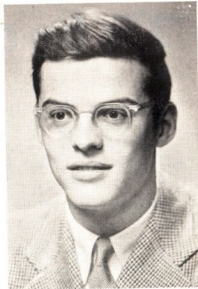
Eating, sleeping and working with men
who fill him with disgust helps to shock
Fiddler out of his own alcoholism. But he
has another reason: he has come to be
fascinated by the cats, and he knows that
working around them drunk means death.
His boss is an Indian simply called Chief,



NOVELIST JHABVALA
Not a vise but a virtue.

a violent, powerful man with an instinc-
tive way of handling the animals, who
warns Fiddler not to become too friendly
with them. As his respect for most of
his fellows declines, his love for the hand-
some, graceful and proud animals be-
comes almost a passion. In a final bloody
scene of raw horror, poor Fiddler's loyalty
to his cats ironically becomes the cause
of his death.

The weakness of *Cat Man* is the glanc-
ing, one-dimensional approach to its char-
acters: perhaps Author Hoagland under-
stands the cats better than the men. But
his book is a flashing, at times inspired
glow of observation. Few who read it will
ever have quite the same old romantic
feeling about the circus. But what is re-



NOVELIST HOAGLAND
Like a lion at five yards.

markable about Hoagland's hard look is that the circus seems more fascinating than it ever did from the grandstand. Hoagland, who has himself worked at jobs like Fiddler's during summer vacations, gets off a series of brilliant set pieces: the big top going up, a sudden flare-up of fighting among the elephants, the sadly hilarious wedding day of a stupid wino and a used-up prostitute; and all through the book he weaves descriptions of the big, handsome cats that top anything of the kind in fiction.

Large Economy Size

ISLAND IN THE SUN (538 pp.)—Alec Waugh—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.95).

"I want a tube of toothpaste."

"Certainly. What kind?"

"Do you have Eucryl?"

"The large size or the small?"

"What is the difference in price?"

"The large size is thirty-six cents, the small size twenty-four."

"Then the large size is the better bargain."

"Yes, it's the better bargain."

"I'll have the large size."

Novelist Alec Waugh, Evelyn's elder brother, can squeeze out this sort of dialogue as fluently as any large-sized tube. To his gift of the gab, Alec adds a bird's-eye view of life: his new novel is fairly crammed to the horizons with ever-speaking likenesses. The book is a Literary Guild selection for January, has been condensed, serialized, and bought for the movies.

The setting is a British-governed island in the West Indies, and the problems involved are as numerous and various as the characters. Sugar Planter Maxwell Fleury suspects that he has Negro blood. His mother is reluctant to assure him that he has not, because it would mean admitting that Maxwell's real father was a 100% white with whom she committed adultery. Maxwell also suspects his wife Sylvia of an affair with a retired colonel, so he throttles the officer and is soon suspected of murder by the chief of police. Meanwhile, Carl Bradshaw, middle-aged reporter for the Baltimore *Evening Star*, suspects his editor of wanting to fire him, and hurries around the island digging up bucketfuls of newsworthy dirt. This upsets the governor, who suspects that he is not popular in Whitehall but does not suspect that his handsome aide-de-camp is going to bed with the colored ex-mistress of the island's leading subversive.

In the course of bringing all these suspicions to a head, doughty Author Waugh comes at least partly to grips with just about every personal, social and political problem that modern life can present. He even tackles that old favorite of the girls: Should I be a Good-Time-with-the-Boys or a Darling-I'm-So-Glad-I-Waited lassie? Waugh's implication (that men are much too dumb to know if a girl has waited or not) is the only trace of cynicism in a book that is filled to overflowing with a sense of boneless wonder.

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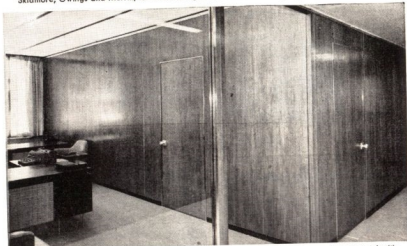
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MISCELLANY

Hypotenuse. In Paris, Polydore Muelle, 70, got a 13-month suspended prison term after he stabbed and wounded his 60-year-old sweetheart, explained indignantly to the court: "She preferred that horrible old man of 78!"

Quiz Kid. In Burnaby, B.C., charged with intent to commit a crime after he was caught sitting in his car in front of a bank with the plates covered and the motor running, John A. Martin, 50, explained to police: he wore dark glasses because he suffered from snow blindness, wore a handkerchief-mask to protect his throat, had a loaded .22 rifle in the car because he had been robbed of \$300 three weeks before.

Self-Portrait. In West New York, N.J., jailed on the complaint of his wife, Watch Repairman William Schroeder admitted in court that he had been out carousing for 37 hours, replied indignantly when asked by the judge to describe his condition on his arrival home: "Well, I wasn't drunk, that's for sure!"

The Victim. In Clinton, Tenn., returning from the kitchen, Waitress Pearl Hogue spotted a would-be thief as he stuck his hand in the cash register, flung a cup of coffee in his face, sent him scurrying out the door as she bounced the pot off his head.

The Legal Mind. In Munich, after he was sentenced to a three-day jail term or a 15-mark (\$4.70) fine in 1952 for illegal fishing, Robert Adler spent a day in jail and then disappeared, got picked up by the Russians and shipped to Vorkuta slave labor camp for three years, was collared by Berlin authorities when he finally returned, forced to pay the 10-mark balance of his fine.

The Direct Approach. In Culver City, Calif., officials in the Department of Motor Vehicles agreed that Mrs. Clara Lee Gildreth would have to try again to get her driver's license—after she pulled in for a road test, hurtled the curb, punched through the side of the building, crashed into the license-application counter.

The Tool Box. In Los Angeles, police looked for the noisy customer who walked into Jimmy Ostroff's bar, was refused a "screwdriver" (vodka and orange juice), robbed Owner Ostroff of \$200 at gunpoint while he bellowed: "If I can't have a screwdriver, how do you like this?"

So Big. In Tokyo, City School Board Spokesman Masami Tsujita defended the board's disputed decision not to employ teachers under 5 ft. tall: "There are many difficulties involving teachers less than 5 ft. . . . In outdoor activities it is difficult to locate her; in the classroom she will not be able to reach the top of the blackboard."

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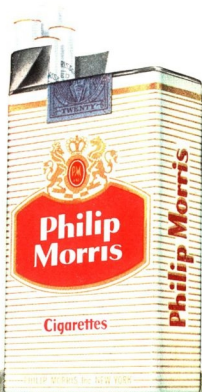
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